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NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO NEW-ZEALAND.

BY JOHN LIDDIARD NICHOLAS, ESQ. 8vo. PUBLISHED SEPT. 1817.

THE world of Islands which the Pacific Ocean has unfolded to the curiosity, and we may now add, to the cultivation of enlightened Europe, is becoming every day better known to us; and these volumes, connected with the subject, are by no means the least valuable and entertaining which have recently been submitted to the British public. The two Islands called New Zealand were first visited by Abel Jansen Tasman, a Dutch navigator from Batavia, in 1642, who, being attacked on anchoring by the natives and four of his men killed, did nothing more than give them the name they now bear, and that of Murderers Bay to the straight which separates the Islands. Captain Cook sailed round them in 1769—1770; and in subsequent voyages, in 1773-4, extended his own fame and our knowledge by further investigation of their coasts and people. They are situated between $34^{\circ}22'$ and $47^{\circ}25'$ south latitude; and between 166° and 180° east longitude; taken together they form an area of about 62,160 square miles, or 39,782,400 square acres. The soil is generally fertile, the verdure rich, the climate favourable, and the population active, robust, and intelligent. What of their peculiar customs, productions, and con-

R ATHENEUM VOL. 2.

dition our traveller observed, it will be our task to communicate to our readers in as condensed a way as the interest of the narrative permits, referring to the work itself, as to one full of curious matter, for the omissions our limits render unavoidable.

New Zealand is as little, if not the least known, of the South Sea Islands, though it assumes a high rank among them both from its great extent, and natural capacity for improvement. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, Principal Chaplain of New South Wales, having determined, with all the zeal of a Missionary and the benevolence of a Christian, to carry civilization into this region, sailed from Port Jackson on the 19th November, 1814, in the *Active* of 110 tons, purchased and fitted out on account of the Church Missionary Society, to carry his design into effect. Mr. Nicholas, who happened to be disengaged from mercantile pursuits at that period, accompanied him, and the result of his remarks is contained in these volumes. In the *Active* sailed also from Port Jackson three New Zealand Chiefs, Shungi, Korra-korra, and Duaterra, the latter of whom had been for several years a common sailor in the English merchant service, undergoing cruel treatment from several masters of vessels, and much

hardship in an attempt to see King George, for which purpose he left New Zealand in a whaler, and was brought, alas! only into the River Thames, deceived, and abandoned.

On the 17th of December, the *Active* arrived off the North Cape of New Zealand, after a tedious voyage, and immediately commenced an intercourse with the natives, though this part of the coast was not their ultimate destination. Their reception by the inhabitants of the North Cape district was friendly; the chiefs in the *Active* nosed the chiefs who came from the shore, such being the term given by our sailors to the New Zealanders' mode of salutation, which consists in touching noses for a length of time proportionate to the respect or regard of the parties, instead of lips, as in European countries. The appearance of the natives here, is thus described, p. 96.

"In the course of the day we had not less, I should suppose, than a dozen canoes along-side the vessel, all filled with men of a remarkably fine appearance. Though I had often seen New Zealanders, before I approached their coast, I never thought it likely they could be so fine a race of people as I now found them. In their persons they generally rose above the middle stature, some were even six feet and upwards, and all their limbs were remarkable for perfect symmetry and great muscular strength.— Their countenances, with few exceptions, were pleasing and intelligent, and had none of those indications of ferocity, which the imagination naturally attributes to cannibals. They displayed, on the contrary, strong tokens of good nature and tender feelings; and I thought I could trace in many of them, some of the finest evidences of human sympathy."

From North Cape, the *Active* coasted along to Doubtless Bay, where our countrymen were dissuaded from landing, lest they might be delayed by calms. They therefore continued their course to the harbour of Wangeroa, of bloody celebrity, from the recent massacre of the crew of the *Boyd*, an English vessel, of which an account is soon after given.

We pass over the first landing of the voyagers on a little island of the *Cavalles*, and other less attractive affairs, to

come more speedily to their communications with the tribe of Wangeroa, the murderers of their precursors. Anxious to learn the particulars of this horrid catastrophe, Mr. Marsden, Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Kendall a schoolmaster, Mr. Hall a carpenter, (two of the intended settlers) and the chief Shungi and Duaterra went on shore, and proceeded cautiously, with the latter as an advanced guard, to the encampment of these barbarians; passing on their way through a large village, the inhabitants of which gazed very earnestly at them, but neither spoke to, nor interrupted them.

The moment they were perceived by the Wangeroans, one of their women made a signal "by holding up a red mat and waving it in the air, while she repeatedly cried out at the same time, in a loud and shrill voice, *haromai, haromai, haromai*, (come hither) the customary salutation of friendship and hospitality."

Encouraged by this cheering invitation, which is invariably held sacred, they advanced, Duaterra and Shungi adding to the bond of union by touching noses in the most amicable way with George and Tippouie, the opposite chiefs, who stood up while their warriors were seated round them with their spears stuck in the ground, and paying great deference to their leaders. During the whole ceremony of introduction, the old woman never ceased waving the red mat, and repeating, what Duaterra informed the Europeans were prayers exclusively designed for the occasion. The chiefs on both sides now fired off their loaded pistols as a proof of entire confidence, and the continued narrative of this remarkable interview is so interesting; that we copy it in the words of our author.

"Duaterra and Shungi, standing up with an air of unreserved confidence, fired off their loaded pistols, while their rival chiefs, George, and Tippouie, doing the same, I thought proper to follow their example, and immediately discharged my fowling-piece. This conclusive signal of amity was regarded by the warriors, who had hitherto remained silent spectators, as the prelude to their commencing themselves, and instantly a report from six or seven muskets was

heard to reverberate in our ears ; and spears and fire-arms coming together in deafening collision, the noise very soon became insupportable. It would be hard to say which was more tormented during this conciliatory exhibition, the ear or the eye ; for the war dance now commencing, was attended with such frightful gesticulations, and such horrible varieties of convulsive distortions, that to see was no less painful than to hear : yells, shrieks, and roars, answered in responsive discord to all the clashing fury of their weapons ; and the din made by this horde of savages, might inspire even the most resolute mind with terror and dismay.

“ The chiefs were now in perfect harmony with each other, and the furious clamour having ceased, I had an opportunity of meditating on the scene before me, while Mr. Marsden stood in conversation with George. It was certainly a grand and interesting spectacle. The savage warriors, amounting to about a hundred and fifty of as fine men as ever took the field in any country, were encamped on a hill which rose in a conical shape to a considerable height ; and the many imposing singularities they presented were such as to excite a particular interest in the mind of the beholder. Few of these men were under six feet in height, and their brawny limbs, their determined countenances, and their firm and martial pace, entitled them very justly to the appropriate designation of warriors.

The general effect of their appearance was heightened by the variety of their dresses, which often consisted of many articles that were peculiarly becoming. The Chiefs, to distinguish them from the common men, wore cloaks of different coloured furs, which were attached to their mats, and hung down over them in a manner not unlike the loose jackets of our Hussars. The dress of the common warriors only wanted the fur cloaks to make it equally rich with that of their superiors, for it was in every other respect the same, and sometimes even more showy. Many of them wore mats, which were fancifully worked round with variegated borders, and decorated in other respects with so much curious

art as to bespeak no less the industry than the exquisite taste of the ingenious maker. The mats of others among them were even still more beautiful, for they were of velvet softness and glossy lustre, while ornamented with devices which were equally tasteful with those I have described. These mats were all made from the flax, and some dyed with red-ochre, so that the appearance they presented was gay and characteristic. Each individual wore two of them, and some even more ; the inside one being always tied round the waist with a belt, similar to that I have already described in another part of this work. In this belt was stuck their pattoo-pattoo, which is their principal war instrument, and carried by them at all times, no less for the purposes of defence and attack, than as a necessary ornamental appendage. Indeed there can be nothing extraordinary in this, for the same is done in every country, polished or unpolished ; the only difference being as to the weapons borne by the various nations ; and the warrior of Wangeroa is quite as proud of his rude pattoo-pattoo, as the vainest military officer can possibly be of his dangling sabre.

“ With the exception of the chiefs, there were very few of them tattooed ; and all had their hair neatly combed and collected in a knot upon the top of the head, where it was ornamented with the long white feathers of the gannet. Many of them had decorations which never failed to remind one of their martial ferocity. These were the teeth of the enemies they had slain in battle, which hung down from the ears of several of them, and were worn as recording trophies of their bloody conquests. But ornaments less obnoxious than these to the civilized beholder were frequently seen among them ; and I observed some of green jade that were extremely curious. However, I could not suppress my emotions on seeing the dollars that were taken from the plunderers of the unfortunate Boyd, suspended from the breasts of some of them, and all the horror of that cruel transaction was revived in my mind. But the ornaments on which they sat the most value were rude representations of the human form, made of

green jade, and carved with some ingenuity. These hung down from their breasts, in the same manner as the dollars.

"Their instruments of war were as diversified as their dresses and decorations, and the weapons of no two of them were exactly the same in shape and dimensions. The greater part of them carried spears; but these were all of different lengths, and otherwise made in such a manner as to preclude the idea of uniformity, though there were some particulars in which a similarity among the whole of them might be observed. I remarked many of them with short spears, which served them for the same purpose that the musket is employed in other countries, to attack their enemies at a distance; and this they generally do to some effect, by darting these spears at them with a sure aim. The long spears which are headed at the end with whalebone worked down to an extremely sharp point, they use as lances, and with these they do great execution in close attack. Battle-axes also were carried by some individuals among them, as likewise an instrument resembling a serjeant's halbert, which had large bunches of the parrot's feathers tied round the top of it by way of ornament. Others brandished in their hands long clubs made of whalebone, and all carried the *pattoo-pattoo*, an instrument of no fixed dimensions, though generally about eleven or twelve inches long, and four broad. In shape, it bears some resemblance to the battledore, but is worked out to a sharp edge, and one blow from it would instantly sever the hardest skull. They employ them for the purpose of knocking down their enemies when they come to close combat, and indeed no weapon can do this more effectually. Those I have seen were variously made of the whalebone, the green jade and a dark-coloured stone, susceptible of a high polish. The ingenuity they evince in making these weapons is really surprising; and I am fully convinced that none of our best mechanics, with all the aid of suitable tools, could finish a more com-

plete piece of workmanship in this line, than one of these savages, whose whole technical apparatus consists of a shell or a sharp stone. Tippouine, who, I must now observe was the brother of George, had a weapon of this description, which he had beat out of some bar-iron, and the polish it displayed was so very fine, that I could not have thought it possible for it to have been effected by the simple process of a New Zealander, had I not many other proofs of the astonishing ingenuity of these people. Thus did the savage instruments of death present themselves to my view in every shape, and the scene gave rise to many powerful sensations.

"The fated crew of the *Boyd* were still present in my mind; and the idea that I was at that very moment surrounded by the cannibals who had butchered them and had seen the very weapons that had effected their slaughter, caused a chilling horror to pervade my frame; while looking only at the deed itself, I never once considered that it might have been provoked.

"But while my mind was thus agitated with the reflections produced by this shocking massacre, I contemplated with surprise the faces of the perpetrators. Never did I behold any, with the exception of one countenance, (George's) that appeared to betray fewer indications of malignant vengeance. I observed, on the contrary, an air of frankness and sincerity pictured in them all; and the fierceness they displayed was not that of barbarous fury, impatient for destruction, but of determined courage, still ready to engage, but always prepared to show mercy."

This long extract forbids us to go on to the next in our present Number, especially as it is also of considerable length, being the appalling history of the butchery of the *Boyd's* crew, as told by the voyage perpetrators of that massacre. As our review of the voyage will, however, occupy several numbers, this sad story will appear in the ensuing publication.

From the European Magazine.

THE WANDERER.

Chapter II.

TO witness the separation of the body and its immaterial essence, even when the process is accompanied by all the forms attendant on dissolution, when the quakeries of mourning and medicine through a long illness have marked the gradual approach of death, and by distracting the reflexions have blunted the feelings and relieved the intensity of grief—even then 'tis a most painful spectacle; one which, striking at the root of our self-conceit, convinces us of our insignificance, and proclaims aloud that man is but “the child of dust, the brother of the worm.” But this, painful as it is, cannot be compared with the acute feelings of grief experienced at beholding the sudden death of a beloved friend; the unexpectedness of the occurrence stems, as it were, the usual feeling of unmixed sorrow, and produces in its stead a dull depression of soul, a sullen silent grief too heavy for utterance, and which seems as if to express it would increase its weight.

Maurice beheld his friend's death with the keenest emotion, his feelings overpowered him, he sank on a chair near the lifeless body, and for some moments was overcome by the violence of his emotions; he was soon however, roused by the people in the room, and stifling his feelings, he gave some necessary orders, and retired to the bed prepared for him.

“Left to himself, he thought with increased sorrow of the untimely fate of his deceased friend, and almost deprecated the chance which had brought him at such a moment to witness his death. His thoughts then took a retrospective glance to the period at which he had known him previously to his leaving England.

They had been together at a public school, where Wharton, who was for some years Maurice's senior, had won his eternal friendship by the numerous kind offices which a bigger boy at a public school can render to his inferior in size and age; he had fought his battles, done his lessons, and screened his faults; the result was, that there subsisted between the friends the warmest senti-

ments of affection and esteem: the passions of school-boys are stronger than those of men, they know less of the world, and have not arrived at the period of thinking *most* men knaves, and knowing *many* to be so—when, looking with coolness on the occurrences of life, and profiting by their experience, (often dearly bought) their attachments become rather subservient to their interests, than the results of their feelings.

From the sombre reflections which had occupied his mind during the night, Maurice rose as soon as the day appeared, and after visiting his friend's lifeless corse, and giving directions about his funeral, which he learned from the landlady Wharton had desired to be as plain as possible, and not at all differing from those of the villagers, he proceeded to his home, where he found his friends as well as he could wish, and received a most ardent welcome—the joy of the meeting was somewhat checked by the melancholy account of the death of his unfortunate friend.

A week from the day on which Wharton had died, Maurice followed his bier to the grave. It was a most romantic spot in which he had desired to be buried, upon a small eminence in the village church-yard; an immense yew-tree overshadowed the grave, and the wind rustling through its thick branches made a sighing sound at every blast. Without any very great effort of the imagination it might have seemed to be performing a requiem over the dead. In this spot, which commanded a view of the village school and the surrounding country, Wharton had loved to sit for hours together: and here, a short time before his death, he had requested to be interred.

Maurice stood in a reverie, almost insensible to the objects around him, until the hollow sound of the heavy earth striking on the coffin roused him—it seemed to break as it were, the last link of the chain which had connected the deceased to humanity. He listened devoutly to the remainder of the burial ser-

vice, the most sublime of all the offices of the church of England, calculated at the same time to inspire a resignation to the will of the Almighty, and to impart consolation to the mind borne down with grief.

Among Wharton's papers was found a note, in which he desired, that after the payment of his funeral, and other expenses, the remainder of the money he possessed, should be given to his hostess, as some remuneration for the kindnesses he had received from her. Maurice fulfilled his friend's intentions, and retired home with a heavy heart, where, at the first opportunity, he opened the manuscript which Wharton had given him.

On the first leaf, and evidently written much later than the beginning of the book, was written as follows:—

“When a man's mind has become so much estranged from his fellow men (no matter whether by his own vices or by those of others) that he feels no social tie, which causes him to take any interest in the affairs of the world and its inhabitants; when his spirit has been so much wounded, that the accidental collision of his own with the human feelings of others, has no effect but the tearing afresh those wounds which the hand of time may

sear into forgetfulness, but can never restore to health; it is some consolation to pour forth on paper the overflowings of his heart—at least I find it so—and as one looking back upon the occurrences of my life, I see many circumstances which now seem to have been mighty ridiculous, though they once appeared of vital importance to me, I have determined to put them on paper, in order, as Montaigne says, “to make them ashamed of themselves.” Some of them are of a more sombre cast; and, perhaps, when the cold, but friendly grasp of death shall have ceased the throbbing of the heart which now pants from the oppression of the world, some congenial spirit may light upon these pages, written as cursorily as the feelings which prompted them, occurred to the mind of the writer. Should such a one meet with them when the eye of the world is not upon him, and the hand which now traces them shall have mouldered into that oblivion which (but that religion forbids the murmur) his aching mind wishes it never woke from, the recital may beguile him of a tear—the sufferance has cost me many—if this should not be the case, they will at all events serve to light a fire.”

From the Literary Gazette.

SUFFERINGS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE.

PUBLISHED IN 1817. 8vo.

THE fall of the French government was among the most memorable catastrophes that ever shook the European system. Great disasters at home, great vicissitudes abroad, the unexampled sufferings of the surrounding nations, and the consummate triumph of the rival power which had fought from the beginning against her violence and her principles, crowded into the last twenty-five years a mass of interest utterly unequalled in the memory of civilization. The French revolution had another interest; it seemed to have been devised as a mighty lesson to all ranks of men. The period which shewed Sovereigns shaken from their thrones, like dust from the balance, shewed the most pitiless incursions on individual happiness. All conditions in France bore their share in

giving this dreadful experience to the world. But of all, the highest contributed the most unmerited and fearful share. The royal family of France sat, at the close of the American war, on a throne the most enviable that ever bore a monarch, if in thrones all is not vanity. The kingdom, recovered from the agitation of a brief war, was returning to rapid prosperity: the intelligence of the nation was flowing out in energized industry, wealth, and literature. Honoured as the central land of European cultivation, France was already ascending to the height from which she was to look down as the great mistress of European power. The king was young, popular, accomplished, a man of virtue, and a patriot; the queen, the finest woman of her age, admirable for talent, grace, and

beauty,—the daughter of a heroine, and with a heart noble as her mother's; their children, full of the promise of beauty and virtue, the hope of France. In a moment this brilliant prospect was overshadowed, and if human nature were to have been searched for an example of the deepest humiliation, it must have been found in the midst of that illustrious and ruined family. They had one consolation, and it was above all that the world could give; they were innocent. With the sufferings of the old confessors of the gospel, they had their purity. It cheered them in their prison; it threw dignity around their dying hour; it made their grave glorious; but it deepened the crime of France. A wretched and bloody people, haunted by the memory of their murder, and driven to lose the last crime in the agitation of new guilt, wandered with fire and sword through the nations, its hand against every man, and the world's hatred warring against the world's enemy. The mark of Cain was on its forehead, and in due time it was stricken. The injuries of Europe have been vindicated in the punishment of France. The injuries of her royal family have been left to another vindication, gentler but not less decisive. The single survivor of their prison has been placed in her old conspicuous rank, and in it has given evidence of the admirable qualities which lived in that place of martyrdom. She has been tried in all the strongest emergencies that display the noble heart. In the endurance of long and hopeless exile, in the perils of rebellion, in the sudden return to the place of her ancestors, she has had the whole trial that pain, danger, and prosperity could offer for the temptation of the spirit. In all she has been found equal to the exigency. The Duchess d'Angouleme is now the representative of the virtues which were buried in the grave of her parents. The memory of LOUIS and ANTOINETTE is renewed to the world, in the magnanimity of their children; and France, awakened from her delirium, has learned to curse the treacherous hands that robbed her of sovereigns, who could possess and inspire the virtues living before their eyes.

The present volume details the early process of the Revolution down to the

release of the Duchess d'Angouleme from the Temple. The narrative is of unequal excellence; but it is of high authority. The memoirs of eye-witnesses have been chiefly employed. HUE's, CLERY's, and the DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME's affecting journal have given the chief material of the latter part: the earlier is from the most authentic documents of the time. We quote the attack on the Bastille, the first open violence against the laws and the throne.

"Apprehensive of disturbances, the Governor of the Bastille, the Marquis de Lounay, had a few days before arranged for its defence, by placing some additional guns on the walls. A quantity of small arms, balls, and cartridges had been also brought in, besides two hundred and fifty barrels of powder. The garrison consisted of one hundred and fourteen men, chiefly invalids, besides the Governor's servants. About two in the morning of the 13th, the Governor ordered the soldiers to occupy the castle, and placed sentinels at the gate leading to the street of *St. Antoine*. During this day no act of violence was committed, but some shots were discharged at the guards on the tower. Early on the morning of the 14th the sentinels of the gate *St. Antoine* were taken prisoners by the people, and carried to the committee at the town-house. About ten in the morning, three deputies came from the committee as far as the iron railing at the first draw-bridge, and desired to speak with the Governor, who went to them; but seeing an immense crowd, he said that only the three deputies could be admitted, and offered to send out as many hostages while they remained, which was agreed to. De la ROZIERE, a Parisian barrister, and first elector of the district of *St. Louis*, arrived, and at his own request was likewise admitted. He said that he came to represent to the Governor, that the cannon, pointed from the towers on the different streets, had alarmed the inhabitants, and to solicit their being withdrawn. The Governor urged the impossibility of his compliance without orders from his superiors. He observed that they were in places where they had been for many years past; but that to quiet those alarms, he would order them to be drawn back within the

parapet. De la ROZIERE asked permission to go into the castle, to see that this was done. The Governor at first objected to this; but on being requested by Major de LOSME, consented. As soon as De la ROZIERE was within the castle, he began to beseech the Governor and garrison not to fire on the people, but quietly yield the place: to this it was answered, that they would not fire, unless they were attacked; and that the consequences must rest with the aggressors. After staying a short time, and completing the object of his mission, which afterwards appeared to have been to ascertain the best mode of attack, he retired. In about half an hour the people appeared in great numbers in the street *St. Antoine*, and in the *Passage Courte*, armed with muskets, sabres, and hatchets, exclaiming, "They must have the Bastille! Down with the troops!" &c. The officers begged them from the walls to keep back, and represented the danger to which they were exposing themselves: they however persisted in advancing, and as there were no troops to defend it, succeeded in getting down the first draw-bridge. The garrison on this, called out to them again to retire, or they must fire upon them; but they answered by continuing to advance, and firing on the soldiers. The garrison now returned the fire, and drove the insurgents back to the first draw-bridge, from which they kept up a constant fire upon the ramparts. Soon after, a flag was seen advancing from the arsenal, followed by an immense number of people in arms, some of whom halted in the first court, called the *Court of the Elms*, while others advanced to the next, calling out to the garrison not to fire, as deputies were come from the town-house. DE LAUNAY said that the deputies might advance, but that the people in arms must not advance beyond the first draw-bridge. The soldiers on the walls called out that they would not fire, and in proof clubbed their muskets. After many signs and much entreaty, the people stopped, and the deputies advanced into the *Passage Courte*. There they remained about ten minutes without advancing, notwithstanding the soldiers on the towers called out to them, "Come and speak to the Governor; we will be answerable for

your safety with our lives." They then returned to the Elm Court, where in about a quarter of an hour they went away.

"The people again came on, and the miserable irresolution of the Governor and treachery of the garrison gave them every advantage. In the teeth of the castle guns they set fire to the guard-room, and to the Governor's house. A cannon was then fired at them, the only one discharged during the attack, the place having been defended simply with muskets!

"The French guards, who had been seduced from their allegiance, now appeared, bringing a mortar, two four pounders, and a cannon inlaid with silver, which had been taken out of the *Garde Meuble*. DE LAUNAY having neglected to lay in provisions, and the people persisting in their determination to reduce the place, about four o'clock in the afternoon, all the non-commissioned officers went to solicit the Governor to surrender it! Finding himself in this extremity, he endeavoured to fire a pistol into the gunpowder which was deposited in the *Tour de la Liberté*, but was prevented by two serjeants. He asked the garrison what they wished him to do? He said his own opinion was, that they ought to defend themselves to the last, and even blow up the place rather than fall into the hands of a furious mob. But as the garrison continued to insist on surrendering, he gave a white handkerchief to a serjeant, ordered him to shew it from the battlements, and sent a drummer to beat the *Chamade*. The populace, regardless of the signals, and rendered more courageous by the cessation of resistance, continued to fire. They soon advanced to the draw-bridge and ordered it to be let down. The officer commanding the Swiss detachment, spoke to them through a loop hole at the side of the gate, and proposed that the garrison should be allowed to march out with their arms; but the populace exclaimed, "No! No!" He then told them, that the troops would deliver up the place and their arms, if they were assured that neither insult nor violence of any kind would be offered to them. The insurgents replied, "Let down the bridge, nothing shall happen to you." The Governor on this assurance took

the key out of his pocket, and ordered two corporals to let down the bridge. It was no sooner down, than the people rushed into the court, and attacked the invalids who had laid down their arms, and were ranged along the wall on the right.

"The Swiss were opposite to them, and escaped, not being immediately remarked; owing probably to the canvas frocks which they wore over their uniforms. The people then entered the apartments of the officers, where they broke the furniture, doors, and windows; and so great was the confusion, that many continued to fire, and, without intending it, killed and wounded their companions. The officers and invalids were dragged to the *Greve*."

DE LAUNAY was assassinated in front of the town-house by the mob; his head cut off, and paraded through the streets on a pike.

Besides this unfortunate nobleman, they murdered M. DE LOSME SALBRAY, Major of the Bastile; DE HESSELLES, Provost of the Merchants; DE MIRAY, Aide-Major, and PERTAN, Lieutenant of the Invalids.

"The people now, intoxicated with their successes, began to search the cells. But what was their astonishment to find that those dreary dungeons, which they expected to find crowded with the victims of despotism, contained but seven prisoners! Four of these had been placed there, preparatory to their trial for an extensive forgery of bills of exchange; one, a notorious offender, as a temporary punishment; one, who was insane, and whom the mob afterwards sent to a mad-

house; and the last, the COUNT DE SOLAGES, who by his own detail had been arrested at Toulouse, by an order from the minister, granted at the request of his own father, for dissipation and other misconduct. He had been first sent to Vincennes, and afterwards removed to the Bastile in February 1784. Having heard the firing, he enquired of the turnkey, who had just brought up his dinner, what it meant. He was told it was occasioned by a revolt of the people, on account of the scarcity of bread; but while the turnkey was apologizing for being later than usual in bringing him his dinner, the room was filled with armed men. It was some time before the Count could think himself in safety. He was removed to an hotel. The populace, of their own impulse, had destroyed the Governor's house, and some of the other buildings of the Bastile. But the committee at the town-house resolved that the castle itself should be demolished. The city architects were appointed to conduct the work, and this immense edifice was soon levelled with the ground. Many cannon-balls were found in the walls, supposed to have been lodged there during the war of the *Fronde*, at the battle in the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, when the Royal army was commanded by TURENNE, and that of the *Fronde*, by the great CONDE. The Bastile was begun to be built in 1369, by order of Charles V., and finished by his successor in 1383, as a state prison. Upon the accession of Louis XVI. the registers had been inspected, and most of the prisoners liberated."

CAPT. BEAUFORT'S VOYAGE.

From the Monthly Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF THE TURCO-GREEKISH PROVINCES OF ASIA MINOR.

THE Turkish dominions are divided into a number of provinces, which are governed by pashas, or beys, according to their extent. Those officers dearly purchase their appointments from the Porte, but they soon indemnify themselves for that expence, by selling the lesser districts to the subordinate aghas,

who again reimburse themselves by progressive extortion. The authority of the superior pashas is almost unlimited, and in the remote provinces their allegiance is very equivocal. One of their principal obligations is, to furnish a certain proportion of troops, and, when summoned, to accompany them in person to the imperial camp.

Mehemmet, the pasha of Adalia, for a

long time had not only evaded this summons, but had even refused to send his quota. The incensed Porte at first could only menace, being too fully occupied by the war with Russia either to depose or punish him. Ahmed, his brother, and avowed enemy, at that time lived under the protection of Kara Osman Ogloo, the pasha of Magnesia, and perhaps the most powerful chieftan of Anatolia. Through his influence, Ahmed secretly purchased, at Constantinople, a ferman of appointment to his brother's pashalik; for which he was to pay, if ultimately successful, 150,000 piastres. The Porte, however, seldom goes farther than to grant the ferman:—there it is; get possession as you can. Ahmed, therefore, accompanied by our passenger, the Bin Bashy, proceeded to Scala Nuova; and, with the assistance of the pasha of Magnesia, embarked about three hundred well-armed volunteers in small vessels, giving out there that they were a reinforcement for the pasha of Egypt. In a few days they reached Adalia, where, pretending that they were trading vessels returning from Alexandria, and in want of provisions, they entered the harbour without exciting suspicion. After dusk the confederates, who had till then been concealed under apparent merchandise, suddenly landed, and, seizing on the gates of the city, and on the palace, they proclaimed their leader to be the lawful pasha. The next day Ahmed rifled Mehemmet's treasury, wherein, it is said, a million of piastres were found; and which, for fear of a reverse of fortune, were instantly embarked, and consigned to the care of his patron at Scala Nuova.

Meheemet, fortunately for himself, was in the country when the city had been surprised. He speedily exerted the resources yet left to him; the best of which were the affections of his people; and these he undoubtedly possessed; for, though his capital was taken, his treasure gone, and himself declared a rebel by the Porte, he was enabled to present himself before the walls of the city, on the fourth day, with six thousand faithful adherents. During two days the conflict was doubtful, but at length victory crowned his efforts. Two-thirds of his antagonists payed for their temerity with

their lives; and the rest, including Ahmed, our Bin Bashy, and about a hundred of their followers, threw themselves into boats, and escaped to sea in various directions.

We afterwards learned that Ahmed, with a few attendants, had taken refuge in the barren island of Rashat, where he was soon discovered and strangled; and, also, that the vessel containing the plundered treasure had been seized by the bey of Rhodes, and honourably restored.

Adalia is beautifully situated round a small harbour: the streets appear to rise behind each other, like the seats of a theatre; and, on the level summit of the hill, the city is enclosed by a ditch, a double wall, and a series of square towers, about fifty yards asunder. We endeavoured to obtain permission to pass along the inside of the walls, and to examine them and the towers; but the bey reminded us of the rigid laws of the empire on that subject, and, without absolutely refusing, put it to my feelings whether, circumstanced as he was with regard to the Porte, I would urge him to do what his enemies would not fail to distort into a grave offence. There was no answering this appeal, and we contented ourselves with an external view.

The population of Adalia probably does not exceed 8000, two-thirds of which I understood to be Mohammedan, the other third Greek. These Greeks are acquainted with no other language than the Turkish; yet, though some of their prayers are translated into that tongue, the principal part of the liturgy is repeated in Greek by the papas, or priests, of whom the greater number are as ignorant of the meaning as their congregation. Chandler mentions a similar circumstance at Philadelphia: and in some of the other inland towns of Asia Minor, where the proportion of Greeks is but small, the language of their masters prevails as it does here. It is a singular fact, however, that at Scala Nuova, a considerable sea-port near Ephesus, the contrary takes place;—few Turks there speak Turkish fluently; even the agha and the janissaries conversed with each other in Greek, and explained themselves imperfectly to our Turkish interpreter.

PETRIFIED BEACH

The shore bounding this plain was once a gravel beach; but, from the upper part of the slope to some distance into the sea, it is now a solid crust of pudding-stone, from one to two feet in thickness. This petrified beach is not peculiar to the plain of Selinty: many instances of it, on a smaller scale, had been already observed on the coasts of Asia Minor, and a few in some parts of Greece; and I have been informed that an example of it also occurs in Sicily. Being generally covered with loose sand and pebbles, it presents to the eye no extraordinary appearance; but the unwary boat that should mistake it for a common beach of yielding materials, and should run upon it before a following surf, might be fatally surprized of its error. The specimens from various places that I have examined, differ but little from each other: gravel predominates in some, coarse sand in others, or they lie in alternate layers of each. The pebbles in all are more or less rounded; but the more jagged and angular they are, the stronger is the aggregate. The gravel is a collection of a great variety of different species, though the greater part of them seem to be calcareous. The cement or paste by which they are united is likewise calcareous, and so tenacious, that a blow sufficient to break the mass, more frequently fractures even the quartz pebbles, than dislodges them from their bed.

Close to the westward of Sidé we had found some ledges of rock, partly above and partly under water, which appear to have been produced in a similar manner. This rock contains a large proportion of broken tiles, both red and yellow, of shells, bits of wood, and of such rubbish as might be expected in the vicinity of a town. It is uncommonly hard; but, as we had no tools in the boat, satisfactory specimens could not be detached. Near to these rocky ledges, a ridge of low hills rises to the height of about eighty feet: they consist of thin horizontal strata of soft grey limestone, or rather of half indurated marl, and are intersected by deep gullies, which have been worn through by streams that trickle across the beach into the sea. Perhaps the calcareous particles thus washed down may point out the source from whence the ce-

ment for the recently formed rock has been derived; and, perhaps, wherever the petrified beach occurs, a similar mode of accounting for it might be furnished by an attentive investigation of the adjacent strata.

In the island of Rhodes there are hills of pudding-stone considerably elevated above the sea: I have fragments of it which cannot be distinguished from those we had detached from the beach of Selinty, or from that of port Raphti in Greece; except that its consolidation is rather more complete, which may possibly arise from the greater pressure of the incumbent weight, and from its longer exposure to the air. It is remarkable that a horizontal stratum of stone-marl appears to have once covered these hills. At Cape Crio, the ancient Cnidus, there is also much calcareous breccia, which is extremely hard: the base of one of the temples is composed of it, though the superstructure is of marble. At Phaselis we found a patch of the petrified beach, and again at a few miles to the eastward of Alaya; where, being thin, the sea has undermined and blown it up in several places, leaving the subordinate gravel in its natural state. It is, however, needless to enumerate here all the places where it may be found on this coast: they are every where expressed in the survey, in order to warn the mariner, as well as for the purpose of enabling future visitors to ascertain whether the principle continues at work, or whether the efforts of the sea are now employed in the subversion of what has been already formed. At Pompeiopolis it will be necessary to revert to the subject; but the great length of the petrified beach of Selinty seemed to offer a fit opportunity for bringing together these slight notices upon a subject, which may be curious to those who have not witnessed similar phenomena; and which must be interesting to all who reflect how rare are the opportunities of observing the process of nature, when engaged in the formation of new rocks, compared with the every where visible means by which the gradual destruction of the old rocks is accomplished.

PIRATES, DESCENDANTS OF THE LACEDÆMONIANS.

We weighed in pursuit of a small arm-

ed vessel that had tacked off shore on perceiving the frigate at anchor. A *kaik*, of whom she had been in chase, was quickly spoken, and the master professing his belief that she was a pirate, redoubled our anxiety to catch her. By the term pirate is not meant a Barbary corsair; the predatory states of that coast, however rapacious, confine their hostilities to distinct nations; and, however inhuman their treatment, the value of the slave is a guarantee for the life of the captive: but in the district of Maina, the southern province of the Morea, there is a regularly organized system of absolute and general piracy. The number of their vessels, or armed row-boats, fluctuates between twenty and thirty; they lurk behind the headlands and innumerable rocks of the Archipelago. All flags are equally their prey, and the life or death of the captured crew is merely a question of convenience. A Turkish prize is the only exception to this rule; for, as they expect no mercy if taken by Turks, they rarely give them quarter.

The preceding year we had found one of these pirates concealed in a small creek of Hermonissi, a barren island to the westward of Stampalia: as our boats approached, they fired into them from the cliffs, and rolled down large stones, which wounded two of our men. We destroyed the vessel, and compelled most of the crew to submit: the rest retreated to the craggy heights, and we made sail in quest of their comrade, who we learned was skulking among the neighbouring islands; but the darkness of the night, and the warning fires from the top of the island, enabled him to escape. On returning to Hermonissi, we found that a couple of nights' starvation had rendered the remaining rogues more tractable, for they eagerly came down to the boat and surrendered themselves. Nothing could be more contemptible than the appearance of this vessel; yet she rowed fast, possessed a swivel and twenty muskets, and, with the forty ferocious-looking villains who manned her, might have carried the largest merchant ship in the Mediterranean. Nay, two of these vessels had lately secured themselves under a rock, and had actually frustrated the repeated attacks of a Turkish frigate. Having occasion to anchor at Stampalia,

the *primati*, or magistrates, came off to express their gratitude for our having delivered them from one at least of that fraternity which had so often laid their island under contribution; and they pointed out a rock near the ship, where, three days before, two Mainot pirates had adjourned to divide the plunder of a Turkish boat; whose crew, consisting of five men, they had massacred there, sparing only one passenger; and him they had deprived of an ear. The truth of this story was confirmed by the poor fellow himself, who afterwards came on board to have his wound dressed; and an officer, who was despatched to the rock, reported that the five bodies were still lying there, a prey to innumerable birds. The little that is generally known of these profligate descendants from the Spartans, and of their desperate piracies, may perhaps plead a sufficient apology for this short digression.

TARSUS, NOW TERSOOS. THE BIRTH PLACE OF ST. PAUL.

The same motives which had restrained me from visiting in person the ruins of Seleucia, and other places remote from the coast, here also induced me to relinquish the pleasure of accompanying this expedition. The temptation was, indeed, great: few cities, in Asia-Minor, were more celebrated than the ancient Tarsus; and even the modern city bears a respectable rank in the Turkish empire.

The officers found the distance to Tersoos about four hours, or twelve miles, through a level and well cultivated country. On their arrival, they waited on the *moossellim*, or governor; but they were desired to produce their *ferman* from the Porte, before they could be admitted. He detained it a long time, and on several pretexts evaded granting them an audience: at length, however, they were admitted to his presence; when, after much haughty and impertinent examination on his part, and exposition on their's, he offered them coffee, and permitted them to take a walk through the city, but refused them any protection. He suspected, or pretended to suspect, that they were travelling merchants, who ought to have made him a present; but the true cause of this conduct was, that he did not see the frigate from the town; her appearance

would have been a more efficient introduction than either ferman, present, or accompanying janissary: and, indeed, we invariably found the civility of these semi-barbarians to be exactly in the inverse ratio of their distance from the ship.

The permission to walk about the town was of little avail; as they were closely followed by a rabble, who obstructed and insulted them. They were however able to estimate the length of the city to be upwards of a mile, and though very straggling, that it must contain several thousand inhabitants. There are many respectable looking mosques and minarets; one of which was distinctly seen from on board. All the houses are small and wretched, except that of the moossellim; but there were bazaars well stocked, and the inhabitants had a general look of business. At the north-west extremity of the town, they found the remains of an ancient gate; and near it a very large, and apparently artificial, mound, with a flat top, from whence they had a view of the adjacent plain, and of the river Cydnus, which skirts the eastern edge of the city. The plain presented the appearance of an immense sheet of corn-stubble, dotted with small camps of tents, which are made of hair cloth, and in which the peasantry reside at this season, while the harvest is reaping, and the corn treading out. Our party were assured by an Armenian, with whom they conversed, that all the remains of antiquity had been destroyed, or converted into modern buildings, except the theatre, which lay near the river, covered with rubbish and bushes. He dissuaded them from searching for it, or from staying much longer in the town; alleging the ferocious disposition of the people as well as of the governor, and appealing to their countenances for the truth of his assertion.

They learned also that, about twenty

hours to the northward of Tarsus, there is a remarkable defile through a great chain of mountains, which are every where else inaccessible. This pass, as they were informed, admits about eight horses abreast, and has been cut through the rock to the depth of about forty feet: the marks of the tools are still visible in its sides.*

The party returned by a different route to Kazalu, near which place they passed the foot of another large flat-topped mound; but the lateness of the evening prevented a closer examination. From the ship it had appeared to be artificial; and, from the habit we had acquired of appropriating ancient names, it obtained that of the tomb of Sardanapalus.

Terssoos river, the ancient Cydnus, which once received the stately galleys of Cleopatra, is now inaccessible to any but the smallest boats; though within side the bar, which obstructs the entrance, it is deep enough, and about 160 feet wide. Nothing was seen of the stagnant lake, Rhegma, which Strabo describes as being the harbour of Tarsus; but it would be very satisfactory to trace the river from the sea to the city.

The extreme coldness of this celebrated river is said to have occasioned the death of Frederick Barbarossa, and to have proved nearly fatal to Alexander. We found the water undoubtedly cold, but not more so than that of the other rivers which carry down the melted snow of Mount Taurus; and we bathed in it without feeling any pernicious effects.

* This appears to have been the celebrated pass by which Cyrus, Alexander, and Severus entered Cilicia. According to Xenophon (lib. i.) it was only wide enough to admit a single chariot, yet it was abandoned to the two former conquerors without resistance, Niger better understood its importance; and, but for an extraordinary accident, he would there have effectually stopped the victorious career of the Emperor Severus.—Herodian, lib. iii. Curtius, lib. iii.

CORNUCOPIA.

From the Literary Gazette.

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

IT is impossible to conceive that any mental suffering arising from fear could exceed that experienced by the traveller whose adventure is the subject

of this number. There was no illusion in it, all was real; yet in him the horror of a supernatural enemy superseded all dread of a mortal assassin, which his midnight intruder might have been sup-

posed to have proved. Monsieur de Conange, on a wandering excursion which he was making with a friend through one of the French provinces, found it necessary one night to take refuge from a storm, in an inn which had little else to recommend it but that the host was well known to Monsieur de Conange. This man had all the inclination in the world to accommodate the travellers to their satisfaction, but unfortunately he possessed not the power. The situation was desolate, and the few chambers the house contained were already occupied by other travellers. There remained unengaged only a single parlour on the ground floor, with a closet adjoining, with which, inconvenient as they were, Monsieur de Conange and his friend were obliged to content themselves. The closet was prepared with a very uninviting bed for the latter, while they supped together in the parlour, where it was decided Monsieur de Conange was to sleep. As they purposed departing very early in the morning, they soon retired to their separate beds and ere long fell into a profound sleep. Short, however, had been Monsieur de Conange's repose, when he was disturbed by the voice of his fellow traveller crying out that something was strangling him. Though he heard his friend speak to him, he could not for some time sufficiently rouse himself from his drowsiness to awaken to a full sense of the words his friend had uttered. That it was in a voice of distress he now perfectly understood, and he called anxiously to inquire what was the matter—no answer was returned, no sound was heard, all was still as death. Now seriously alarmed, Monsieur de Conange threw himself out of bed, and taking up his candle, proceeded to the closet. What was his horror and astonishment when he beheld his friend lying senseless beneath the strangling grasp of a dead man loaded with chains. The cries of distress which this dreadful sight called forth soon brought the host to his assistance, whose fear and astonishment acquitted him of being in any way an actor in the tragic scene before them. It was however a more pressing duty to endeavour at recovering the senseless traveller than to unravel the mysterious event which had reduced him to that

state. The barber of the village was therefore immediately sent for, and in the mean time they extricated the traveller from the grasp of the man, whose hand had in death closed on his throat with a force which rendered it difficult to unclench. While performing this they happily ascertained that the spark of life still faintly glowed in the heart of the traveller, although wholly fled from that of his assaulter. The operation of bleeding, which the barber now arrived to perform, gave that spark new vigour, and he was shortly put to bed out of danger, and left to all that could now be of service to him—repose.

Monsieur de Conange then felt himself at liberty to satisfy his curiosity in developing the cause of this strange adventure, which was quickly effected by his host. This man informed him that the deceased was his groom, who had within a few days exhibited such strong proofs of mental derangement as to render it absolutely necessary to use coercive measures to prevent his either doing mischief to himself or others, and that he had in consequence been confined and chained in the stables—but that it was evident his fetters had proved too weak to resist the strength of frenzy, and that in liberating himself he had passed through a little door, imprudently left unlocked, which led from the saddle room into the closet in which the traveller slept, and had entered it to die with such frightful effects on his bed.

When in the course of a few days Monsieur de Conange's friend was able to converse, he acknowledged that never in his life had he suffered so much, and that he was confident had he not fainted, madness must have been the consequence of a prolonged state of terror.

In the year 1807 a frigate was built at Bourdeaux. It was related at the time, and confidently believed, that some English Naval Officers had come in disguise to Bourdeaux, to reconnoitre this vessel without being discovered, and that they left behind them a letter directed to the master shipwright under whose direction it was built, saying that the frigate was a very fine one, and desiring him to get it ready for sea as soon as possible, *because the English were in*

want of it. It was in fact taken 3 years afterwards at the mouth of the river.

NUMBER OF KNOWN VEGETABLES.

The number of plants yet known, amounts, according to the calculation of Baron von Humbolt, to 44,000, of which 6000 are agamous, that is, plants which have no sexual organs, such as champignons, lichens, &c. Of the remainder there are found

In Europe	7,000
In the temperate regions of Asia	1,500
In Equinoctial Asia and the adjacent Islands	4,500
In Africa	3,000
In the temperate regions of America in both hemispheres	4,000
In Equinoctial America . . .	13,000
In New Holland and the islands of the Pacific Ocean . . .	5,000
	38,000

A. M. Jeantet, musical instrument-maker at Lyons, has made some improvements on the bassoon, which he announces as having carried that instrument to such perfection, as to recommend it to supersede in *les chants d'Eglise*, the OLD SERPENT, heretofore so important in the Church!

An Irish Gentleman, not very celebrated for correctness in pecuniary matters, was pressing a friend to lend him a sum of money on his bill. "But if I advance this will you repay me punctually," said his friend: "By—— I will, *with the expense of the Protest* and all!!"

THE DAUPHIN (LOUIS XVII.)

A biography of the last Dauphin of France, by M. Eckard, just published with the title of *Memoires historiques sur Louis XVII.* contain some interesting traits of that unfortunate prince.

So early as his fifth year, this promising child took great delight in gardening; and a small plot of ground was laid out for him in the park at Versailles. Hither he repaired every morning and gathered flowers for a *bouquet*, which he laid upon the queen's toilet before she rose from bed. When the weather prevented him from paying his usual tribute, he

would say: "I am not pleased with myself to-day; I have not done any thing for mamma; I have not earned her morning kiss." When the royal family was compelled by the unworthy populace to remove to Paris, the prince still retained this innocent propensity. A piece of ground was reserved for him in the garden of the Thuilleries, where he amused himself every morning and tended his flowers, but not without an escort of the national guards. Many persons in Paris yet remember to have seen this fine child sporting about there with all the *naiveté* of his tender years.

On one of the queen's birthdays, Louis XVI. told his son that he ought that morning to gather the very finest nosegay he could, and present it to his mother with a little compliment. The Dauphin, after considering a moment, replied:—"Papa, I have in my garden an *immortelle* (everlasting flower.) This shall be all my nosegay and my compliment. I will present it to her and say: 'Mamma, I wish that you may be like this flower!'"

After the flight and return of the royal family from Varennes, when the Abbé Devaux, his tutor, was about to resume his instructions, he began his first lesson by reminding his pupil that he had broken off in his grammatical studies at the degrees of comparison, but, added he, "You must have forgotten all this I suppose."—"Oh no, you are mistaken," rejoined the Dauphin; "only hear if I have. The *positive* is when I say: My Abbé is a good Abbé—the *comparative* when I say: My Abbé is better than another Abbé—and the *superlative*," he continued, fixing his eyes on the queen, "is when I say: My mamma is the kindest and best of all mammas."

An author in *La Correspondence Champenoise*, a new publication of considerable humour and merit, published at Paris, has the following anecdote in the seventh letter; which, though not entirely new, is little known, there having been strong reasons against its circulation at the time.

"On the day on which the coronation of Buonaparte took place, a balloon with an immense crown was committed to the air; the crown descended at Rome, and

fell precisely upon the tomb of Nero, where it was shivered to pieces. This circumstance was told to Buonaparte with

all possible precaution—"Well," said he, after a moment's reflection, "it is better that it should fall there than in the dirt!"

LETTERS FROM A FATHER.

From the European Magazine.

LETTER IV.

My dear Son,

IT was said of one of the wisest and best men this country ever knew, that "Study was his amusement."—This man was Lord Chief Justice Hale. He was a person in infinite perseverance, and laborious attention, in the performance of his professional duties. He felt the pledge he had made to his country as the most imperative call upon his exertions, and he had no personal reservation whatever to consult. The business of his official pursuits left him but little leisure at his disposal, and that little he applied to the acquirements of his younger days, and to writing many of those learned and useful books, for which the world is greatly his debtor. In his lordship's instance we have a strong evidence of that satisfaction with which the mind, when matured in its judgment, retires from its severer toils of occupation, to the studies of its earlier progress; and this is universally proved to be the case with men of mind,—by which expression I mean men of intellectual reflection, who appreciate, as they ought, the opportunities which they enjoy of making themselves serviceable to society, not only in public life but in retirement also. To such a man we may naturally conclude, that this mode of recreating the mental powers, must have been productive of much delightful gratification; and for this reason,—in his public capacity he was called upon to think for others; in his season of retirement he enjoyed the privilege of thinking for himself; and then it was that he experienced the pleasure of contemplating the effects of his youthful industry, which had put him in possession of the most pleasing resources for every leisure moment that he might be able to command. But we must, at the same time, infer, that the time which he was able to appropriate to himself, when engaged in fulfilling the obligations of his

earlier employ, he did not throw away in empty and fruitless amusements. Had it been said of this great ornament of his country, that, when a young man, "his amusements were his study," the honourable mention of his maturer years would never have been heard of; for, I am sure, you will allow, that nothing can be a clearer indication of a frivolous disposition, than an anxious desire to conform every pursuit of professional business or official employ, to the amusive recreation of a passing hour. It is not only a profligate abuse of the present, but a heedless surrender of all power to seize the better opportunities of the future. A man who in his youth, has laid up a tolerable store of primary knowledge, and has taken care to retain it in his possession, by making it the subject of his contemplation at every season of remission from the graver concerns of business, will find that he has reserved for himself the most pleasing source of recreation, when he shall have made a greater advance into life.

But, perhaps, you will tell me, I have forgotten that you are not yet arrived at that period, when a man has no longer a relish for the common amusements of society, and that, in the interim, I am falling into an anachronism, in my application of Lord Hale's example to yourself. I admit, my dear G—, that there is something more prospective in it, than what an immediate application of it may seem, at first view, to require; but, if it should please God, that you rise to eminence in the path which you have chosen for yourself, you will find that the most delightful recreation which you will then enjoy, will be to go back to the studies of your youth, and to hold converse with those authors who formed your classical taste, and who gave up their valuable treasures of refined acquirements to your early application. And as, from the nature of your situation, progress towards eminence must,

of necessity, be slow, it is more than probable, that by the time you reach it, your appetite for those amusements, to which you are so strongly attached, will have lost its zest, and you will be contented to depend upon yourself for those seasons and subjects of recreation, which the bustle of public entertainments and crowded assemblies, are most calculated to disqualify you from enjoying. Let me then be allowed to recommend most earnestly to your serious consideration, the propriety and advantage of making the first source of recreation, that which your classical studies abundantly bestow, and have always ready to your hand.

By such a plan you will, at all events, secure that satisfaction to which I have adverted, the *profitable employment* of your leisure time; for I really do not know a more desirable profit to be made of the present, than that of providing for the future; and this provision you will be assured of, if now, in the younger part of your life, you take care that the knowledge of the gentleman be not lost in the pursuits of the man of pleasure. These certainly comprehend but a very slight connexion with that recreation which you may wish to obtain, both for your mind and body; not that I would be understood as urging an ascetic rejection of what are termed the pleasurable amusements of society. By no means: for it is not only a social concession, but a physical fact, that the mind cannot be profitably kept upon an unbending stretch of application, either to business or study; yet I would have it,—pleasure, which really yields amusement,—and amusement, which produces something profitable, both in enjoyment and reflection.

A young man, who is a man of pleasure by choice, and a man of business only from necessity, is one who can never be respected by the wise, nor esteemed by the industrious; and his companions can be only the dissolute and the idle. Let me give you a description of one of these foolish youths, and request you will apply the portrait to some of those who, if they be your associates, can only become so in consequence of an inconsiderable complacence

on your part, in permitting them to be so; for I would anxiously hope, my dear son, that, in this portrait, not a single feature of likeness to yourself can be found, or will ever hereafter be recognized in you, by those who have sense enough to despise the similitude; and, I confess, it is my ambition, that those alone should be your companions and friends.

The man of pleasure is the most heartless and most selfish of mankind: I had very nearly said, of all God's creatures; but I corrected myself, for God never created man for pleasure: he is a creature of preternatural conception and monstrous birth, begotten by the incubus Folly upon Fashion, and has nothing in common with human kind but his form. Is he a son or a brother, is he a husband or a father, he disclaims the social union of filial and domestic relation the instant that the duties of that relation demand a surrender of his dissolute inclination. Good principles my dear G—, influence the mind, not by any natural or physical force, or necessarily as pleasure or pain affect the body, making men attentive to them whether they will or not; but in quite a different manner, and for their agency depend upon the permission of the will, the consent of the heart, and the governing inclination and passions. But can such an improvement and management of principles ever be expected from a man of pleasure? whose will and heart and passions are the debasing agents of his degeneracy? He studiously flies from all impressions of such principle—he is uneasy whenever by chance they steal or force themselves into his mind, and always feels their visits unseasonable and impertinent.—His powers of existence are consumed between the sloth of the sluggard and the activity of a demon. Sensuality is his system, and seduction his study—the call of his passions, and not the dictate of his conscience, is the standard of his conduct; the luxury of living, and not the rectitude of life, is his ruling law. Extravagant profusion makes up the accounts of the day; dissipation and debaucheries fill up the diary of its events. Time is his bitterest enemy, if it leaves him to a moment's reflection,

and therefore his chief anxiety is to kill his enemy, by a constant succession of amusements, follies, and vice. He is a fop in his dress, and a fool in his talk, the fashion of both is his boast. In short, he is a morbid excrescence upon the comfort of the family to which he belongs, and carries with him an infectious atmosphere into whatever part of society he curses with his presence.

Now what is there in this character that you would wish to engraft into your own? Is there, indeed a single trait that you would desire to have blended with your own conduct? I should hope not; and I should flatter myself that you would shun such a being as contemptible in himself as he is unworthy of the attention or acquaintance of any one who has a manly sense of what is due to society and himself. Ask yourself to what purpose this disgrace of his kind lives? To the worst of all purposes, to the indulgence of his own vain selfishness, and to the idle, unprofitable waste of life and the means of life. And can it be, my son, that you would ever degrade yourself so low as to call such a man your friend, and suffer him to usurp an influence over your mind, and induce you to deviate from those proprieties which your better convictions justify you in maintaining? No, my dear G—, I will stake my best hope of your future progress, that should any one of his pernicious principles have communicated the infection of his manners to your's, you will ere long open your eyes, and view him nearer, in all the ugliness of his heart, and deformity of his disposition, nor suffer that insipid oscitancy, which he calls fashionable ease, to deceive you any longer, into an adoption of his independence of sentiment, which is nothing more than a shameless disregard of all moral and social restraints; or his freedom of speech, which is only the licentiousness of the libertine—

“Hic niger est hunc te Romane Caveto.”

Who, then, can suppose that the intemperate dissipations of such a man are the amusement which a prudent youth would adopt, or his libertine habits those recreating pursuits which can renovate the mind, or invigorate the frame?

—No one, not even the fools of fashion, whose vices he imitates; for they, as well as this compound of crime and folly feel themselves, by a superior influence which they cannot resist, compelled to pay homage to the very virtues which they ridicule.

The recreation which is alone worthy of a wise and virtuous mind, is that which unbends it without debasing it, and which refreshes without diminishing its vigour. There are many resources of intellectual amusement that may be enjoyed in a degree of refined gratification peculiar to a metropolitan residence. The libraries and lectures of the Institutions; the Exhibitions; the Literary Societies of this great depository of the Arts and Sciences,—all afford to the mind a continual feast of rational and improving entertainment; and, with certain restrictions, I will add to these the theatres. I say with certain restrictions, because I cannot divest this amusive medium of the pernicious latitude which it gives to the demoralizing corruptions of the age; and a young man who commits himself to such a medium, risks the purity of his principles for an object of amusement, which conveys but little instruction unmixed with something which he neither ought to hear nor see; but I doubt I am treading upon what you consider hallowed ground, and the names of Shakspeare, Otway, and Sheridan, will be placed by you in array against my observation, which, if you do not reject it as a strait-laced objection, you will wave perhaps as an unnecessary apprehension. We shall be able to judge of this when we discuss the comparative profitableness of the various sources of recreation which I have already mentioned. For the present, my dear G—, I shall not presume that to a young man of your sound education it will at all be necessary for me to urge any other appeal to your judgment, than that which it will of itself suggest; I shall therefore content myself with the adventitious service of confirming your good impressions—*fungar vice cotis*, but I shall certainly avoid all reference to that Spartan sentiment—“vice to be hated needs but to be seen;” a saying which, like many others that have crept

into a common acceptation, is to be taken in a more qualified sense than it generally has been contemplated in. As far as you are connected in it, I trust you will long continue to be sensible of the advantage of virtuous associations, and that under such auspices it will never be requisite for you to claim an intimacy,

with vice, in order to discover her hideous propensities, and ruinous influence. With this confidence in your moral fortitude, I cordially assure you that although I am your anxious father, I am not the less your assured and affectionate friend

W.

Aug. 1817.

ROUGH SKETCHES OF BATH,

IMITATIONS OF HORACE ; AND OTHER POEMS. BY Q. IN THE CORNER.

From the Literary Gazette.

SINCE the publication of the Bath Guide, Bath has become a sort of nursery for light and humorous poetry. To this class belongs the present work, which appears to be that of a young writer destitute of neither humour nor talent, but in some parts rather crudely put forth, and not sufficiently attendant upon the celebrated rule of the Roman bard, who supplies the subjects for several imitations :

Nonumque prematur in annum.

We do not think so much of the imitations of Horace. To be only endured, pieces of this kind must now be exquisite ; these are but mediocre.

The other poems display fancy and an easy vein of writing, though not of the highest order. We select one of them as a specimen, and as worthy of preserving, from its familiar description of an imposition which attracted much public attention. It may perhaps be allowed us to preface "Caraboo" with an extract from Baker's Chronicle of the Reign of King Stephen, which is curious in itself, and serves to shew that, after all, we do not far excel our rudest ancestors in the novelty or cunning of our impostures.

"In this King's time also, there appeared two children, a boy and a girl, clad in green, in a stuffe unknown, of a strange language, and of a strange diet; whereof the boy being baptized, dyed shortly after, but the girl lived to be very old; and being asked from whence they were, she answered, They were of the Land of *St. Martyn*, where there are Christian Churches erected ; but that no Sun did ever rise unto them: but where that land is, and how she came hither, she herself knew not. This I the au-

ther write that we may know there are other parts of the world, than those which to us are known : and this story I should not have believed, if it were not testified by so many and so credible witnesses as it is."

CARABOO.

Oh! aid me, ye Spirits of wonder! who
soar,
In realms of Romance where none ventured
before;

Ye Fairies! who govern the fancies of men,
And sit on the point of Monk Lewis's pen;
Ye mysterious Elves! who for ever remain
With *Lusus Naturæ*, and Ghosts of Cock-
Lane;

Who ride upon broomsticks, intent to deceive
All those who appear *predisposed* to believe,
And softly repeal from your home in the
spheres

Incredible stories to *credulous* ears;
With every thing marvellous, every thing new
We'll trace a description of Miss CARABOO.

Johanna's disciples who piously came
To present babies' caps to the elderly dame,
Though all hope of the virgin's accouchement
is o'er,

Shall meet with the smile of derision no more;
Their wonders were weak, *their* credulity
small---

Caraboo was edgender'd by nothing at all!
And where did she come from?---and who can
she be?

Did she fall from the sky?---did she rise from
the sea?

A seraph of day, or a shadow of night?

Did she spring upon earth in a stream of gas-
light?

Did she ride on the back of a fish, or sea-dog?

A spirit of health, or a devil *incog*?

Was she wafted by winds over mountain and
stream?

Was she borne to our isle by the impulse of
steam?

Was she found in complete "fascination"
elate?

Or discover'd at first in a chrysalis state?

Did some philosophic analysis draw

Her component degrees from some hot-water
spa?

Did some chemical process occasion her birth?
Did galvanic experiments bring her on earth?
Is she new? is she old? is she false? is she
true?

Come read me the riddle of Miss CARABOO.

Astronomers sage may exhibit her soon,
A daughter-in-law to the man in the moon;
Or declare that her visit accounts for the rain
Which happen'd last year, and may happen
again;

That dark spots appear in the course she has
run,

Coeval perhaps with the spots on the sun;
That she *may* be connected with Corsairs--all
these,

And as many more *possible things* as you please.

In what hand does she write?--In what
tongue does she speak?

Is it Arabic, Persic, Egyptian, or Greek?
She must be a *blue-stock* lady indeed,
To write an epistle which no man can read;
Though we have some publishing scribes I
could name,

Whose letters will meet with a fate much the
same.

She then wore no ear-rings, though still may
be seen

The holes in her ears, where her ear-rings had
been;

Leathern shoes on her feet; 'a black shawl
round her hair:

And of black worsted stockings an elegant
pair;

Her gown was *black-stuff*, and my readers may
guess

If her *story* contains as much *stuff* as her *dress*.

Of the famed Indian Jugglers we all must
have heard,

Who to gain a subsistence would swallow a
sword;

But men (without proof) who believe tales
like these,

Will undoubtedly swallow whatever you please.

I have heard those who thought that she
wish'd to deceive,

After seeing her person have *learn'd* to be-
lieve;

Even those who have doubted the truth of her
case

Have forgotten their doubts when they look'd
in her face.

I never have seen her; but if, when I see,
The truth of her tale is apparent to me,

I will cancel these lines, and most gladly re-
hearse

Her *swimming* and *fencing* in *beautiful verse*?

In the *graces* and *charms* of my muse to adorn
her,

Shall be the employment of

Q. IN THE CORNER.

Bath, June 10th, 1817.

RECENT SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY.

From the Monthly Magazine.

Martigny; Sept. 17, 1816.

The Valley of Triant.

I ADDRESS you, my dear madam,
from the Octodurum of the Romans.
Here the roads from the upper Valais,
the Pays de Vaud, the valley of Cham-
mouny, and the great St. Bernard, unite:
here it was that, in the spring of the year
1800, Bonaparte remained during some
days, while the French army defiled be-
fore him to pass the St. Bernard; and
it was from this place that he addressed
the subjoined lines to his brother
Lucien:—

“ May 18, at night.

“ I am at the foot of the great Alps, in
the midst of the Valais. The great St.
Bernard presented many obstacles, but
they have been surmounted. A third of
the artillery is in Italy: the army is de-
scending by forced marches. Berthier is
in Piedmont. In a few days all will be
over.”

How much is the interest attending
great events increased when we visit the
scenes where they have once had being!

I pictured to myself the army transport-
ing its *materiel*—its cannon, caissons,
forges, &c. dismounted and conveyed
piece-meal to the mountain-summit;
the massive artillery-pieces removed
from their carriage and bedded in the
trunks of trees, hollowed for that pur-
pose, and dragged through ice and snow
by companies of one hundred men, each
company yoked to ropes for that pur-
pose; the rest of the army bearing the
arms, provisions, &c. every individual
trailing a burden of seventy or eighty
pounds. But what will not the thirst of
glory accomplish, whether that feeling
be kindled by the legitimate love of
liberty, or the unlicensed passion of
conquest? Perhaps a more splendid
display of talent, of physical energy, and
unbounded enthusiasm, was never wit-
nessed! Marmont, Lasnes, Berthier,
and Murat, were the springs that put
the vast body in action, which, like a
torrent, swept the plains of Piedmont,
and in three weeks decided the fate of
Italy.

The only town which lies between Martigny and the base of the mountain, is St. Pierre. The road leading to it is pleasantly shaded by chesnut, pear, and other fruit trees: beyond it, the country is richly ornamented with trees, copes, and meadows, whose uniformity of verdure is occasionally broken by isolated pieces of rock: through these, flows the rapid Drance.

At a short distance beyond St. Pierre the road separates, the left branching off towards the great St. Bernard, and that to the right towards Triant and the Col de Balme.

We soon began to ascend the mountain by a rugged footway, the steepness of which continued to increase, until our hitherto moderate exercise was succeeded by extreme difficulty and such exertion as put our passion for mountain-scenery to the test. The frequent jagged projection of rock, the loose stones which for ever turned under our feet, and retarded our progress, and the oppressive heat of the sun, whose rays lay on the mountain side, at length exhausted us, and we quitted the path, from time to time, to drop on the rich verdure which clothed the mountain side: sometimes we stretched ourselves beneath the shade of a luxuriantly spreading beech, at other times by the side of a stream, whose rippling had long cheered our labour and invited us to approach it, and whose delicious coolness now allayed our thirst. The peasantry of the mountain and of the valley of Triant, towards which our course was directed, frequently overtook and passed us: daily habit had so familiarised these sturdy mountaineers, men and women, to the route which we were travelling, that our unpractised exertions afforded them some little amusement: they needed not that enthusiasm which animated us, and without which we should have retraced our steps and returned to the valley. Our conversation led to some local and personal information, we sought acquaintance with them; that which interested them led to the development of their characters, and our object was obtained. Among other subjects, we were informed, that a revolution in England had caused emigrations from that country to an amazing extent; and that this was the cause

which occasioned the appearance of so many English in the Valais. I could with difficulty persuade them that they were in error; that a continental war of twenty-five years had prevented a rising generation, of very many thousands, from gratifying idle curiosity, or of allaying the unquenchable thirst which is excited by the acquisition of knowledge.

As we continued to ascend, we saw on the right of the path-way an oratory; it was, I believe the first which we had seen. We examined its interior, and read an inscription inviting any persons, devotees or criminals, (for extremes meet, it is said,—and this inscription confirms the adage, since it promises an equal privilege,) to repeat a certain number of *Ave-marias* and *Pater-nosters*, no matter how rapidly or in what frame of mind. For doing this, they are to enjoy a certain number of days of indulgence; in other words, they are invited to take out a license, as it were, for the commission of crime—*mirabile dictu*—with impunity! for I have always understood that an “indulgence” meant a dispensation from the wholesome discipline of good sense, and the exercise of self-controul. It may be presumed, that Nature prevails over the folly and insanity of the priests, for I do not find that the Valaisans are cruel or dishonest, or revengeful, or avaricious, or incontinent; in short, they do not avail themselves of this worse-than-senseless invitation. Patience only is to be exercised in obtaining this grant: the church of Rome has not always been so disinterested in the distribution of “indulgences.”

We continued to ascend until we approached the Col de la Forclaz, which is about 4,700 feet above the level of the sea: here the prevailing trees are fir and beech. We paused at this spot to survey the scenery: it was almost evening. The difficulty of the ascent had so retarded our progress, that we were four hours in walking, perhaps, nine miles. The partial view of the valley of the Pennine Alps, from this place, and of the Rhone, flowing through it, is superb. Many towns and villages are seen; but Sion, in consequence of the comparative magnitude of its buildings, although one of the

most distant, is yet the most remarkable. The Rhone can no-where be viewed to so much advantage; but the serpentine course of this majestic stream, so gratifying to the eye, is to be deplored, for it has rendered a considerable part of this magnificent valley marshy, and incapable of vegetation.

A few paces brought us to a precipice, commanding a view of the valley of Triant, which lay, perhaps, six hundred feet below us; and the effect which the sudden view of the extraordinary scene beneath us produced, can never be forgotten. And now, while I recall each object which I there saw, and endeavour to place it before your eyes, I feel that my efforts are hopeless: my imagination calls, as it were, into existence, colors and combinations which the pencil cannot command: and I am consoled only by the hope that my attempts may generate a wish to behold chasms which language cannot picture, or, at most, reveal so partially, as to excite, rather than to subdue, curiosity.

About the middle of the valley, which is, perhaps, a quarter of a mile in width, lies the half-civilized village of Triant; the residences are huts, consisting of one or two rooms, constructed entirely of wood, even their roofs; of these, some are not fastened, but are secured from the effects of high wind by the pressure of large stones. In this manner are the *chalets* constructed, which are mere hovels, affording shelter to herdsmen, and are formed only on the tops of those mountains which yield pasture.

Triant valley is accessible only to foot-passengers, or those who travel on mules; so sudden and precipitous was the descent, that it lay beneath us like a map. The village is not divided by a centre way, and the huts have been erected with the utmost irregularity. Pathways lead from dwelling to dwelling, and each hut has its little field, or plantation of oats, or other grain: or, perhaps, it yields a scanty supply of the most hardy plants of common and domestic use.

At the western extremity, the valley is apparently closed by masses of black rock; they form a chasm, at the bottom of which flows the Triant, dashing and

foaming from rock to rock; this spot is called the *Tête Noir*. Above the chasm, and on a fearful eminence, is the route to Chamouny, which is more circuitous than that by the Col de Balme.

To the east the valley is terminated by a glacier, which, Bourrit says, no one has yet ventured to cross. From this flows the torrent of Triant, and during the whole of its course it continues to struggle through a bed of broken granite, which lies sometimes in pieces, sometimes in large masses, throughout the valley. We attempted to approach the glacier, and this was the first occasion which I found to notice, in a particular manner, the deceptive appearance of mountain scenery, occasioned by the magnitude of objects, and of the pure atmosphere through which they are beheld. You remember, no doubt, St. Preux's short banishment to the Valais; and, perhaps, already recall an apposite passage, descriptive of that to which I have just alluded. "*Ajoutez,*" he says, after describing the fecundity of nature in the valley of the Rhone, "*les illusions de l'optique, les pointes des monts différemment éclairées, le clair-obscur du soleil et des ombres, et tous les accidents de lumière qui en résultoient le matin et le soir, et vous aurez quelque idée des scènes,*" &c. "*La perspective des monts étant verticule frappe les yeux tout-à-la-fois,*" &c. It appeared to us, as we advanced towards the glacier, that we could approach it in a few minutes, but twilight surprized us with its presence, while the interesting object before us appeared almost as distant as when we quitted the village. Mortified and disappointed, we returned to the only place where travellers are accommodated; it is the residents of Mad. Suzanne, the ancestors of whose husband have been the residence of Triant time out of mind; so say the oral traditions of the valley.

The valley had been laid under contribution on our arrival, and six eggs were all that could be procured. Those who purpose remaining in the valley during the night, would do well to take provisions with them.

Our guides informed us, that, to this sequestered and savage valley, a part of

the famishing Austrian army, in the year 1815, directed its steps; like an army of locust, they swept this hospitable region of every species of nutriment congenial to man; nay, famine had almost wrought a change even in their organization, for the poor wretches were seen to devour wild herbs and roots.

On retiring to rest, we desired our

guides to awake us some time before day-break, as we were anxious to see the sun rise from the Col de Balme; they chose rather to deceive us, and brave our anger, than to risk self-reproach by endangering our lives, and the day was dawning before we rose from our beds.

T. H.

THE DRAMA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, JUNE 2.

THE copy of the address on white satin and the crown of laurel were delivered to the celebrated French tragedian M. Talma, in the orchestra, with a request that he should fling them upon the stage. This was done, and Mr. Fawcett the stage manager was summoned to present them to Mr. Kemble. As an additional mark of honour to the vaulted favourite, the audience forbade any after-piece; and the performance of the night was closed in compliance with their wishes.

Here follows a correct copy of the address printed on the satin scroll, which is from the energetic pen of Mr. WILLIAM CAREY:—

TO
JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.
OF THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Sir,—After having so long received from the display of your eminent abilities, the greatest degree of gratification and instruction, which the highest class of histrionic representation could bestow, we think upon the near approach of your intended farewell to the stage with sentiments of deep concern, and if possible, an increase of respect. In justice to the interest of the drama and to our own feelings we would fain postpone the moment of a separation so painful. Fitted by the endowments of nature and by classical acquirements, by high association and the honourable ambition of excellence, you have for upwards of thirty years dignified the profession of an actor by your private conduct and public exertions in the British capital. We beheld, in your personification the spirit of history and poetry united. In embodying

the characters of Shakspeare and our other dramatic writers, you were not contented to revive an outward show of their greatness alone:—the splendour of an antique costume—the helmet and armour—the crown and sceptre—all that pertains to the insignia of command are easily assumed. When you appeared the habit and the man were as soul and body. The age and country in which we live were forgotten. Time rolled back a long succession of centuries. The grave gave up its illustrious dead. Cities and nations, long passed away, re-appeared; and the elder brothers of renown, the heroes and statesmen, the sages and monarchs of other years, girt in the brightness of their shadowy glory, lived and loved, and fought, and bled before us. We beheld in you, not only their varying looks and gestures, their proud march and grandeur of demeanour; but the elevated tone of their mind and the flame of their passions. We mean not hereto enumerate the various characters in which you have shone as the light of your era: but we may be allowed to say that *you excelled in that which was most excellent*; that, wherever the grandeur of an exalted mind was united with majesty of person; wherever the noblest organ was required for the noblest expression; wherever nature, holding up the mould of character, called for an impression from the most precious of metals, there she looked to KEMBLE as the gold; there you shone with pre-eminent lustre. In the austere dignity of Cato, the stern patriotism of Brutus, the fiery bearing of Coriolanus, and the mad intoxication of Alexander, you transported your audience in imagination alternately to Greece, Rome, or Babylon.

seconded by the well painted illusion of local scenery, you seemed every where in your native city ; every where contemporary with the august edifices of the ancient world. In you some of those great characters lived, and we cannot conceal our approbations, that when you withdraw, we shall lose sight of them for a long time, and as life is short, perhaps for ever. In expressing this sentiment we feel a warm respect for every actor of genius. A mind like yours would be wounded by any compliment that was not founded in the most liberal sense of general desert. It is an additional merit in you to have obtained distinction in an age of refinement, and from a public qualified to appreciate your powers. A small light shines in darkness; but you have flourished amidst a circle of generous competitors for fame, whose various abilities we admire ; and in whose well-earned applause we proudly join. They behold in the honours which your country pays to you, the permanence of that celebrity which they have

already so deservedly acquired, and a sure pledge of the future honours which await the close of their professional career. We, therefore, earnestly entreat that you will not at once deprive the public of their gratification, and the stage of your support. We entreat you not to take your final leave on the night named for your last performance. All we ask is, that you will consent to perform a few nights each season so long as your health will permit. We adjure you to grant this request, by your own fame—an object which is not more dear to you than it is to us, and we confidently rely upon your respect for public opinion that you will not cover us with the regret of a refusal. We have spared the annexation of signatures as inadequate and unnecessary, even if our numbers and restricted limits permitted that form. The pealing applause of the audience, each night of your performance, and the united voice which accompanies this, are the best attestation of the public sentiment.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the Literary Gazette.

ETON MONTEM.

WE now proceed to the first Tour through the Environs of Windsor, which commences with a description of Eton College, and the ancient custom, observed every third year on Whit-Tuesday, bearing the title of *Montem*, the original institution of which appears to have hitherto defied antiquarian research.

"It consists of a procession to a small tumulus on the southern side of the Bath road, which has given the name of Salt Hill to the spot, now better known by the splendid inns that are established there. The chief object of this celebration, however, is to collect money for salt, according to the language of the day, from all persons who assembled to see the show, nor does it fail to be exacted from travellers on the road, and even at the private residences within certain, but no inconsiderable, range of the spot. The scholars appointed to collect the money are called salt-bearers; they are arrayed in fancy dresses, and

are attended by others called scouts, of a similar, but less showy appearance. Tickets are given to such persons as have paid their contributions, to secure them from any further demand. This ceremony is always very numerously attended by Etonians, and has frequently been honoured by the presence of his Majesty and the different branches of the Royal Family. The sum collected on the occasion has sometimes exceeded 800l., and is given to the senior scholar, who is called captain of the school. This procession appears to be coeval with the foundation, and it is the opinion of Mr. Lysons, who is the latest writer on this subject, and whose industry in collecting, as well as judgment in deciding on, matters of this character, are beyond all challenge, that it was a ceremonial of the *Bairn*, or *Boy Bishop*. He states, from information which he had received, that it originally took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children; being the day on which it was customary

at Salisbury, and in other places where the ceremony was observed, to elect the Boy Bishop from among the children belonging to the cathedral; which mock-dignity lasted till Innocent's Day, and during the intermediate time the boy performed various episcopal functions; and if it happened that he died before the allotted period of this extraordinary mummerly had expired, he was buried with all the ceremonials which were used at the funeral of a bishop. In the voluminous collections relating to antiquities, bequeathed by Mr. Cole, who was himself of Eton and King's College, to the British Museum, is a note which mentions that the ceremony of the Bairn, or the Boy Bishop, was to be observed by charter; and that Jeffrey Blythe, Bishop of Lichfield, who died in 1530, bequeathed several ornaments to those colleges, for the dress of the Bairn-Bishop. But on what authority this industrious antiquary gives the information, which, if correct, would put an end to all doubts on the subject, does not appear.

"Till the time of Doctor Barnard, the procession of the Montem was every two years, and on the first or second Tuesday in February. It consisted of something of a military array. The boys in the remove, fourth and inferior forms, marched in a long file of two and two, with white poles in their hands, while the sixth and fifth form boys walked on their flanks as officers, and habited in all the variety of dress which *Monmouth-street* could furnish, each of them having a boy of the inferior forms, smartly dressed, attending upon him as a footman. The second boy in the school led the procession in a military dress, with a truncheon in his hand, and bore for the day the title of Marshal; then followed the Captain, supported by his Chaplain, the head scholar of the fifth form, dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, and a broad beaver, decorated with a twisted silk hatband and a rose, the fashionable distinction of the dignified clergy of that day. It was his office to read certain Latin prayers on the mount at Salt Hill. The third boy of the school brought up the rear as Lieutenant. One of the higher classes, whose qualification was his activity, was chosen

Ensign, and carried the colours, which were emblazoned with the college arms, and the motto *Pro More et Monte*. This flag, before the procession left the college, he flourished in the school-yard with great dexterity, as displayed sometimes at Astley's and places of similar exhibitions. The same ceremony was repeated after prayers on the mounts. The whole regiment dined in the inns at Salt Hill, and then returned to the college, and its dismissal in the school-yard was announced by the universal drawing of all the swords. Those who bore the title of commissioned officers were exclusively on the foundation and carried spontoons; the rest were considered as serjeants and corporals, and a most curious assemblage of figures it exhibited. The two principal salt-bearers consisted of an oppidan and a collegier; the former was generally some nobleman, whose figure and personal connections might advance the interests of the collection. They were dressed like running footmen, and carried each of them a silk bag to receive the contributions, in which was a small quantity of salt. During Doctor Barnard's mastership the ceremony was made triennial; the time changed from February to Whit-Tuesday, and several of its absurdities retracted. An ancient and savage custom of hunting a ram by the foundation scholars, on Saturday in the election week, was abolished in the earlier part of the last century. The curious twisted clubs, with which these collegiate hunters were armed on the occasion, are still to be seen in antiquarian collections."

From the Monthly Magazine.

*New Volume of D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.**

TEA.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained; according to the common accounts, it came into England from Holland, in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity: the custom of drinking tea became fashionable, and a pound-weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of

a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East-India Companies, the honour of introducing its use into Europe may be claimed by both. Dr. Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James I. for the first fleet set out in 1600; but, had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty had been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East-India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as in 1641, for in a scarce "Treatise of Warm Beer," where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot in preference to cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Maffei's account, that "they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called *Chia*, hot." The word *Cha* is the Portuguese term for tea retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese; while our intercourse with the Chinese made us no doubt adopt their term *Theh*, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portuguese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term *Bohea*, tea which comes from the country of *Vouhi*; and that of *Hyson* is the name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange-alley, Tobacconist and Coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have.

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect to its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf or drink, made according to

the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c. have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

COFFEE.

While the honour of introducing Tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of Coffee remains between the English and the French. Our own Purchase, was "a Pilgrim," and well knew what was "*Coffa*," which "they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it: good they say for digestion and mirth."

It appears by Le Grand's "*Vie privée des François*," that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance, was inviting: it was probably attributed, by the gay, to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish Ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups, in which it was poured; the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presented it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the Parisian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation; and, in 1672, an Armenian at Paris at the fair-time opened a coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smok and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect Coffee-houses. A Florentine, one Procope, celebrated in his day as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices; he embellished his apartment, and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses, repaired to Procope's; where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to inhale the fresh and fragrant

steam. Le Grand says, that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, Rousseau, &c. met; but the mild steams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortune and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses at Paris. We, however, knew the use before even the time of Therenot; for an English Turkish-merchant bought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his hand-bill, in which he sets forth,

“The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head.”

For above twenty years after the introduction of coffee in England, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both in medicinal and domestic views. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea.

In “The Woman's Petition against Coffee,” 1674, they complained that “it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought: that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies; and, on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee.” It was now sold in convenient penny-worths; for in another poem in praise of a coffee-house, for the variety of information obtained there it is called “a penny university.”

NATURAL HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—A few weeks ago, one of the large flag-stones, in the new pavement of the town of Basingstoke, was observed to have risen above an inch and a half above its proper situation: on taking up the stone, a large mushroom,

of six or seven inches diameter, was found growing beneath it: which some persons, strangely enough, imagined must have been the cause of raising up the stone in that manner. The stone-mason, who has the contract of the work, rather vexed that any should think a feeble mushroom had displaced his strong pavement, had the stone replaced in a secure manner—observing, that it should be safe enough for the future. About a month afterwards (a few days ago,) the adjoining stone was observed to be displaced in the same manner as the former: on taking up the second stone, to the surprise of many witnesses of the fact, two mushrooms, not quite so large as the former, were found growing beneath it. The stones are nearly of the same size, each about 24 inches by 21, two inches in thickness; the latter, having been weighed, is 83 pounds.

However surprising and incredible this account may appear, the matter of fact is most certain: the stone mason, his workmen, and many others, can attest its truth. The writer of this article has seen one of the mushrooms, and one of the stones continues in its displaced state. It is proposed to the consideration of philosophers and naturalists to account for this wonderful property of mushrooms.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Basingstoke; Aug. 6, 1817.

ECHENIS, OR SUCKING-FISH.

The antients absurdly believed that the *sucking-fish* had the power of arresting the progress of a ship in its fastest sailing, by adhering to its bottom:—

The *sucking-fish* beneath, with secret chains,
Clung to the keel, the swiftest ship detains.

The seamen run confused, no labour spared,
Let fly the sheets, and hoist the top-mast yard;
The master bids them give her all the sails,
To court the winds, and catch the coming gales.
But, though the canvass bellies with the blast,
And boisterous winds bend down the crack-
ing mast,

The bark stands firmly rooted in the sea,
And will, unmoved, nor winds nor waves obey:
Still, as when calms have flatted all the plain,
And infant waves scarce wrinkle on the main,
No ship in harbour moored so careless rides,
When ruffling waters tell the flowing tides.

Appalled, the sailors stare, through strange
surprise,
Believe they dream, and rub their waking
eyes.

As when, unerring from the huntsman's bow,
The feathered death arrests the flying doe,
Struck through, the dying beast falls sudden
down,

The parts grow stiff, and all the motion's gone;
Such sudden force the floating captive binds,
Though beat by waves, and urged by driving
winds.

NEW INVENTIONS.

MODERN CENTAUR, OR MAN HIS OWN HORSE.

The ranger of the forest of * * * Baron Charles Von Drais has made some highly satisfactory trials of his new-invented travelling machine, without horses. On the 12th of July he went from Mannheim to the Relay-house at Schwezingen and back again, which is a distance calculated at four hours post travelling (an hour being about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles English) within one hour. Since then he has, with the same machine, gone over in about an hour the steep mountainous road from Grusbach to Baden, which takes two hours by the post. The leading principle of the invention is taken from the art of skating, and consists in the simple idea, of impelling by the help of the feet, a seat fixed upon wheels. The machine that the inventor has had made consists of a seat on only two two-feet wheels running one behind the other, that it may be used in the foot paths. To preserve the equilibrium, the traveller has before him a little board with a cushion nailed to it, on which he rests his arms, and before which is the small pole which he holds in his hand to steer his course with. This machine, which may be used with great advantage for expresses, and for other purposes, even for considerable journeys, does not weigh 50 pounds, and may be made strong, handsome, provided with pockets, &c. for 4 Carolines (4l. sterling) at the very utmost.—*Lit. Gaz.*

From La Belle Assemblee.

RUTLAND CAVERN,

WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN OF ABRAHAM'S
HEIGHTS, MATLOCK, BATH, THE LARGEST
IN THESE KINGDOMS.

The discovery and opening of this tremendous cemetery of nature, has given

to this country a rich treasure of the most brilliant gems, rare fossils, and numerous minerals, forming the most splendid natural grotto in the world. Philosophers, mineralogists, and the public, may now avail themselves of a visit to this treasure—this grand lesson and lecture on science; capacious as a city, and extending many miles, with pillars, arches, and bridges of every denomination and order—Nature the great architect. The lakes, fish-ponds, fountains and rivulets of the most delicate rock water. The labyrinths, arcades, walls, roofs, and floors, embellished with the most glittering crystals, and the ores of silver, lead, copper, and zinc, in every combination:—

Here, ranging through her vaulted ways,
On nature's alchymy you gaze:
See how she forms the gem, the ore,
And all her magazines explore.

The Rutland Cavern, as an object of general curiosity, and the terrific grandeur of the immense natural cavities, far exceeds the wildest pictures of romance, or the fearful scenes of enchantment, and gives a most interesting and perfectly new subject of the mind. From the finest terrace, commanding all the beauties of Matlock, you can enter the rock by a dry, roomy, and even mountainous archway, perfectly safe and pleasant for the most timid female. The external surface of the Heights of Abraham abounds in rare botanical plants, and from the Serpentine and Moon Battery Walks, shaded by fine and lofty cedars, the most sublime scenery is taken, rich and romantic as the imagination can conceive. The pure air of this delightful region, and the extraordinary instances and facts of the lengthened periods of existence of its inhabitants, proclaim this to be really the seat of health and beauty.

A mineralogical survey of this wonder of nature, and of these kingdoms, has been lately made by the first mineralogist and geologist of the age, Mr. Mawe; and his report confirms the reputation of the Rutland Cavern being the most valuable classical mineral discovery known.

The principal objects of general observation within the Cavern, are the rocky mountain archway, imbedding marine shells; the druses, or grottos; fish-ponds; Ossian's hall; an arcade to the hall of

Enchantment, in the Castle of Otranto, of indescribable grandeur; the den of lions; a grand cave, with the extraordinary distant glimmering of daylight; a fine arcade to Jacob's Well and Fountain; the waters of life; the ascent by one hundred steps to the ancient mine, worked by the Romans; other fishponds, with fish living in perpetual darkness; the dark and gloomy cave of black stone; the enemy of miners; the den of wolves and bears; a romantic bridge: a fine rocky scene. These recesses lead to the most fantastic, grotesque, and whimsical distribution of rocks, imbedding the most rare and delicate fossils, grottos, and druses, that defy all attempts at description or relation.

From the Literary Panorama.

CANOVA'S CUPID.

This far-famed specimen of art, which has been lately seen and admired by the rank and fashion of the metropolis, was not originally intended for the God of Love, but merely the statue of Prince Libomorski, a beautiful Polish youth, who, with his mother visited Rome about twenty-six years ago. Canova lavished all the powers of his art to execute a perfect resemblance; but maternal fondness blinded the Princess Libomorski: "it was not handsome enough for her son." The artist felt himself hurt by her partiality, changed the statue into a Cupid, and immediately found another purchaser.

SUBJECT OF AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

A recent traveller relates that a favourite dramatic piece in the town of the Genoese territory is founded on the following tragic story:—

A few years since there lived at Port Maurice, near Oneglia, two lovers, named Anna and Giuseppe, the children of widows in good circumstances, the former eighteen, and the latter twenty years of age. The parents had given their consent to their union, and the wedding was soon to be fixed, when, during a short absence of Giuseppe, probably brought about by artful contrivance, an intriguing friend of the family prevailed upon the mother of the bride to give her daughter to a more wealthy lover. Anna, overcome by maternal im-

portunity, did what she had not firmness enough to refuse to do, and promised to bestow her hand on a man for whom she felt no affection. Grief, however, soon undermined her health, and by way of amusement she was sent into the mountains to the olive harvest. Her mother also went to see some relations in the country, and an elder sister only was left at home.

Anna nevertheless grew worse—nay she was so ill that her friends, alarmed for her life, sent her back to her mother's house. Giuseppe had meanwhile returned, and the report of Anna's intended compulsory marriage soon reached his ears. On the following Sunday he met her sister at mass, and with the urgency yet with the resignation of despair, he implored her to procure him a last interview with his beloved. They agreed that he should find Anna in the garden in the evening by moon-light, while the only guardian domestic, an old sailor, was at the public-house.

At the appointed time Giuseppe was in the garden, and there he found his Anna. Weak, melancholy and silent, she went up to him with faltering steps—but in vain he questioned her—in vain he endeavoured to draw from her the acknowledgment that she still loved him, and acted by compulsion—not a word could he elicit—mute, pale and motionless, she stood like a beauteous statue before him. At length he clasped the adored object in an ardent embrace, during which he buried a poniard in her heart. She fell without a groan—the murderer hastily fled over the wall of the garden. The sister, alarmed at Anna's protracted absence, went out into the garden, where she found her lifeless in her blood, and with the assistance of the old sailor, who had returned too late, carried her into the house.

The wretched assassin, impelled by savage frenzy, after strolling about all night, again scaled the wall of the garden, where he no longer found his Anna but only her blood, which he was busily employed in wiping up with his handkerchief, when the mother, ignorant of what had happened, returned early in the morning from the *villeggiatura*, accompanied by the friend who was the cause of the catastrophe, and unlocking the

gate, entered the garden. The frantic Giuseppe ran to meet her, and holding the bloody handkerchief close to her face wildly cried: *Conosci tu quel sangue?*—(Do you know that blood?) The mother rushed with a fearful presentiment into the house, where the first object that met her view was the corpse of her murdered child. The maniac again fled to the caverns of the neighbouring mountains.

The corpse was decorated after the Italian fashion, crowned with a garland of myrtle, and deposited the night before the funeral in an open coffin in the church before the high altar. Here a person was placed to watch it by the light of consecrated tapers. About midnight the assassin suddenly forced his way into the church; the affrighted watchman ran off, but stopped at a distance to observe his motions, and beheld the unfortunate Giuseppe covering the remains of her whom he had murdered from affection with a thousand kisses and burning tears, after which with the rapidity of lightning, he dispatched himself by several pistol-shots, and fell lifeless upon the corpse of his beloved victim. The unhappy mother went raving mad. During her insanity she frequently exclaimed *Conosci tu quel sangue?* and soon sunk into a premature grave.—*New Mon. Mag.* Sept. 1817.

ANTIPATHY OF THE ROMANS TO PERFUMES.

The Roman women, and even those of the lower classes, cannot bear any perfumes, not excepting the smell of flowers. This antipathy is carried so far, that every foreigner is disposed to consider it as affectation. At Naples it is equally prevalent. The smell of musk is most disliked, and a stranger, when his clothes are scented with it in so slight a degree as to be imperceptible to himself, is often shunned in company like one infected with the plague. At Florence and Genoa, on the contrary, strong perfumes are considered agreeable, as are also flowers, great quantities of which are daily brought to market, and employed by the female peasants to adorn their bosoms and hair. In the environs of Rome scarcely any but scentless flowers are cultivated—chiefly ranunculuses, which,

for variety and splendid colours, are not to be matched in any other city of Europe.—*Ibid.*

NEW COFFEE-HOUSE IN SPECULATION AT PARIS.

The Parisians have it now in contemplation to form a new establishment in the *Rue de Richelieu*, and which is to be termed the *Coffee-House of Olympus*. Its entrance is to be by subterraneous passages, where arriving at the borders of a lake, an old Charon, in his boat, will await them, and for a trifling recompense, will row the passengers over to the other side. That obscure race of mortals who drink nothing but beer, and have the detestable habit of smoking, will be allowed to enter only dark grottos, where they will be served by men dressed in black and red who will be made to resemble those who dwell on the shores of Phlégethon. A Proserpina, with her head encircled by narcissus, will receive on her throne of ebony the offerings of the faithful. The happy ones of this world will be conducted by Fortune into the enchanting groves of Idalia; where ices and cooling liquors will be poured out for them by a swarm of Hebes and Ganymedes, and the bar will be ornamented by a chariot drawn by doves, in which will be placed a Venus adorned with every grace and charm, who will condescend to receive the incense of gold from the hands of mortals. The gracious Polyhymnia will preside over the music room, and the agile Terpsichore over the ball-room; in a word, all the Gods of ancient fable will be put under contribution: an author of the Boulevards will undertake the part of Apollo, and the manager of this concern will do his best to represent Plutus!—*La Belle As.*

ILLUSTRATION OF OBSCURE CEREMONIES, PROVERBS, &c.

ALL SAINTS. (NOV. 1.)

In the early ages of Christianity the word *saint* was applied to all *believers*, as is evident in the use of it by St. Paul and St. Luke; but the term was afterwards restricted to such as excelled in Christian virtues. In the Romish church, holy persons, canonized by the Pope, are called *saints*, and are invoked and supplicated by the professors of that religion.

ALL SOULS. (NOV. 2.)

In Catholic countries, on the eve and day of All Souls, the churches are hung with black; the tombs are opened; a coffin covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church, and, in one corner, figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased, are halfway plunged into the flames.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY. (NOV. 9.)

The word *mayor*, comes from the antient English *maier*, able or potent, of the verb *may* or *can*. King Richard I. A.D. 1189, first changed the bailiffs of London into Mayors; by whose example, others were afterwards appointed.

A very splendid banquet is on these occasions provided at Guildhall, at the expense of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and about 1300 persons, male and female, sit down to dinner.*

Know ye the land where the leaf of the myrtle
Is bestowed on good livers in eating sublime?
Where the rage for *fat ven'son*, and love of the
turtle,

Preside o'er the realms of an Epicure clime?
Know ye the land where the juice of the vine
Makes Aldermen learned, and Bishops divine?
Where each *Corporation*, deep flushed with
its bloom,
Waxes fat o'er the eyes of the claret's per-
fume?

Thick spread is the table with choicest of fruit
And the voice of the Reveller never is mute:
Their rich robes, tho' varied, in beauty may vie,
Yet the purple of BACCHUS is deepest in dye:
'Tis the clime of the East—the return of the sun
Looks down on the deeds which his children
have done:

Then wild is the note, and discordant the yell,
When, reeling and staggering, they hiccup
Farewel.

* The charges of the public dinners on this day commonly amount to 10,000*l.* sterl.

THE OSTRICH.

In the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, there is a most beautiful description of the ostrich. They had at that time observed the manner in which the female ostrich abandons her brood to the natural heat of the sand: '*She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not her's. Her labour is in vain; without fear, because God hath deprived her of wisdom; neither has he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up her head on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.*'

NEW HISTORICAL WORK.

Authentic Memoirs of the Revolution in France and the Sufferings of the Royal Family; deduced chiefly from Accounts by Eye-witnesses. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A work of this kind must prove at all times seasonable, for although no more than a compilation, it inculcates a powerful lesson upon states and individuals, teaching the one to guard against innovations, and the other to cherish those principles of moral and political duty which are the great security of public and private happiness. We remember to have seen attempts made to abolish the commemoration of the thirtieth of January in this country, and there are many in France who, no doubt, would be equally willing that the memorial of their sanguinary revolution should be buried in oblivion. But if history be philosophy, teaching by example, the minute records of such atrocities cannot be too faithfully preserved, and prominently exhibited, to the view of successive generations, that men may learn to avoid that spirit of discontent which has enabled the crafty and turbulent to overturn monarchies and enslave the people. The present volume, which is very judiciously abstracted from the most authentic sources, contains a luminous, affecting, and candid narrative of the history of revolutionary France, particularly of the unparalleled sufferings of the virtuous Louis and his family.

NEW PROPHETESS.

Constance, (Duchy of Baden) Aug. 8.
—It appears that Madame Krudner has been refused permission to reside in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. After having harangued the Jews at Gallingen and Bandegg, whom she declared to be the peculiar people of God, she arrived here. Not being allowed to remain here above 24 hours, she proceeded, on the 1st of August, to one of the cantons of Thurgovia. She there awaits the answer of the Government of St. Gall, from which she had solicited permission to establish herself in that canton. While expecting it, her missionaries preach at Houb, sometimes in the fields, calling the baroness a prophetess. She herself preaches with all the enthusiasm of an ardent and fanatic spirit. She distributes every day bread, and some hundreds of measures of economical soup. Her adherents receive them on their knees like a gift from God. Her ordinary suite is composed of about forty persons; among whom are remarked Madame de Berekeim, two Protestant ministers, and a lame woman, who has brought her a contribution of 10,000 florins. Her adherents are in the habit of saying, "We call no one; but those who are the elect of God will follow us."—*Pano.*

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From Ackerman's Repository.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

EVERY age has characteristics peculiar to itself, by which it is distinguished from preceding times, and in which it is described to posterity. The British nation at this day exhibits an anomalous mixture of puritanic strictness on the one hand, and of polished licentiousness on the other. While one therefore, perhaps under a serious apprehension of the decline of national morality, is strenuously occupied in reprobating and resisting the depravity of modern manners, another appears no less determined to assert what he regards as the cause of liberal and enlightened society. The subject of this sketch may be considered as belonging to the latter class.

Thomas Moore is the only son of Mr. John Moore, who was formerly a respectable merchant, and who still resides at Dublin. Thomas was born about the year 1780. His infantine days seem to have left the most agreeable impressions on his memory. In an epistle to his eldest sister, dated Nov. 1803, and written from Norfolk in Virginia, he has retraced the delight of their childhood, and described the pure endearments of home, with great felicity. Under Mr. White of Dublin, a gentleman extensively known and respected, and whose worth as an instructor has been justly commemorated in a sonnet addressed to him by his pupil, which appeared in a periodical miscellany entitled the *Anthologia Hibernica*, young Moore acquired the rudiments of an excellent education. He was afterwards removed in due course of time to Trinity College, in the same city. Moore was greatly distinguished while a collegian, by an enthusiastic attachment to his country and the sociability of his disposition. On the 19th of November, 1799, he was entered a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, where he, as is usual, kept his terms, &c.

In the year 1800, and consequently when he had not completed the twenty-first of his age, he published his translations of the Odes of Anacreon into

English verse, with notes. Hence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he has since generally been designated by the appellation of Anacreon Moore; and it is likely he will retain his appellation until his name be no longer remembered. So early as his twelfth year he appears to have meditated on this performance, which, if a free one, is confessed by many to be a fascinating version of his favourite bard. This work is introduced by an admirable Greek ode from the pen of the translator, and is dedicated with permission to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. It was published first in a quarto volume; it now appears in two small volumes, and has attained the eighth edition. Before the second edition of his translation was sent to the press, Mr. Moore made considerable additions. "Among the epigrams of the *Anthologia*," says he on this occasion, "there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated and originally intended as a kind of *coronis* to the work; but I found upon consideration, that they wanted variety. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes of the reputation of Anacreon." Assuming the surname of *Little**, our author committed to the world in 1801 a volume of original poems, chiefly *amatory*. It has experienced a rapid sale. Of the contents of this publication it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified approbation. Many of the poems exhibit strong marks of genius, and some of them may be perused without exciting any asperity; while others, in cannot be denied, are too much tinged with licentiousness to allow the writer to assert, that he has produced "no line, which dying he would wish to blot."

Towards the autumn of 1803 Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda, where

* The stature of Moore is somewhat under the common size, and it was this diminutiveness which occasioned a certain vocal performer to designate him under the name of her *Pocket Apollo*.

he had obtained the appointment of Register to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, and of a description so unsuitable to his temper of mind, that he soon found it expedient to fulfil the duties of it by the medium of a deputy, with whom, in consideration of circumstances, he consented to divide the profits accruing from it. These, however, proved to be wholly unworthy of Mr. Moore's serious attention. "Though curiosity therefore," says he, "was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it." From England to New-York, in his way to Bermuda, he had the gratification of associating with Mr. Merry, the British envoy, who sailed with him in the *Phæton* frigate. "Having remained about a week at New-York," he continues, "where I saw Madame Jerome Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, the only things that particularly awakened my attention, I sailed again in the *Boston* for Norfolk, whence I proceeded on my tour northward thro' Williamsburgh, Richmond, &c. I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas with respect to the purity of the government, and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had imbibed in my native country, where unfortunately discontent at home too often enhances every distant temptation; and the western world has long been looked on as a retreat from imaginary oppression, as the elysian Atlantis, where *persecuted patriots* might find their wishes realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation I had formed. Such romantic works as *The American Farmer's Letters*, and Imlay's *Account of Kentucky*, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from

* Imlay, a man who has rendered himself notorious by his ungenerous desertion of the celebrated Mrs. Wollstonecraft, afterwards Mrs. Godwin.—See her Life written by her husband, and her Letter to Imlay.

revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country, is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossessions."

The feelings with which our author first visited America, and the opinions which he had formed when he quitted it, are finely expressed in his epistle to his sister Katherine. Norfolk was the place from which his poetical epistle was sent, and also the place first visited by him; and here, in the friendship of George Morgan, Esq. a gentleman who was attached to our consulate, and that of Colonel Hamilton, the consul, he sought and found some relief from his chagrin and disappointment. "The college of William and Mary at Williamsburgh," continues Mr. Moore, "gave me but a melancholy idea of the republican seats of learning. That contempt for the elegances of education which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The men who look to advancement, study rather to be *demagogues* than *politicians*, and as every thing that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, the levelling system is applied to education, and it has had all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. The Abbé Raynal, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says, 'When the youth of a country are depraved, the nation is on the decline.' I know not what the Abbé Raynal would pronounce this nation now, were he alive to know the morals of the young students at Williamsburgh."

These strictures, however warranted, roused the resentment of some American writers, whose tirades Mr. Moore's good sense will know how to appreciate; yet ye does not forget the kind reception he met with at Philadelphia in the society of Mr. Dennie; and his friends, he trusts, will not accuse him of illiberality for the picture which he has given, of the ignorance and corruption that surround them.

Seven days were passed by Mr. Moore in his passage from Norfolk in Virginia

to Bermuda, the place of his original destination which he reached early in 1804. His farewell to Bermuda has been long before our readers. He sailed aboard the Boston frigate, in company with the Cambrian and Leander; they separated in a few days, and the Boston, after a short cruise, proceeded to New York. He was sixteen days sailing from Quebec to Halifax, and in October 1804 quitted Halifax, on his return to England, in the Boston frigate, commanded by his friend Captain Douglas, whom he has highly eulogized for his attention during the voyage. After an absence of about fourteen months from Europe, he had the felicity of realizing that scene of domestic endearment which his imagination had so fondly pictured: since which time Mr. Moore has indulged in learned leisure, in trips from this

to the sister country, the exhilaration of the tables of fashion and conviviality, and the exertion of his literary talents. The following is a list of his productions, as given in the *Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors*:—The Odes of Anacreon, eighth edition—A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, &c.—Poems by the late Thomas Little—A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin—Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-Bag, by Thomas Brown the Younger; of this work there have been fourteen editions—M. P. or the Blue Stocking, a comic opera—and Poems from Camoens. Mr. Moore completed the translation of Sallust, which had been left unfinished by Arthur Murphy, Esq. and superintended the printing of the work for the purchaser, Mr. Carpenter.

FURTHER NOTICE OF MADAME DE STAEL.

From the Monthly Magazine.

TO speak of the literary celebrity of Madame de Staël, of the elevated talent which distinguished her, of all the talent which placed her among the first writers of the age, would be to speak of things known to all France and to all Europe; to speak of her generous opinions, her love for liberty, her confidence in the powers of intelligences and of morality, confidence which honours the soul which experiences it, would be, perhaps, in the midst of still agitated parties, to provoke ill-disposed impressions; that which I would paint, that which all her friends would still find a painful pleasure to describe, if a profound affliction does not rather lead all who have cherished her to refuse themselves all kinds of consolation, is that bounty, that nobility, that constant elevation of sentiment, that warmth of friendship, that pity, that respect for infirmity, that ardour to plead the cause of the oppressed, that power of affection, in fine, which cast on the lives of all who approached her a charm, which it is impossible to replace, and the loss of which they know not how they will be able to support.

Exiled twelve years, Madame de Staël has marked that long and painful period by useful and noble works. She refused her homage to the unjust force which

pursued her, and never proffered her mouth a word; never did her pen trace one single line which was not worthy of the cause for which she suffered.

The authority which reigned in France, however, redoubled the vexatious measures against her. Exile was not sufficient; insulation was destined for her; and the master of the world, seated on the first throne of the universe, observed, with a suspicious eye those who dared to go and see a woman whom he had banished to a habitation out of France. Madame de Staël, more inquieted for her friends than for herself, resolved, not without long hesitations and lively regrets, to put herself out of the reach of that hostile power. She could not, in all Europe find a refuge, but among the enemies of the man who drove her from her country. But, in accepting, in spite of herself, this asylum, she did not, for an instant forget her country.

For three years she has enjoyed that France—the object, in her family of an hereditary love; she had obtained from the king, for whom she always preserved a profound gratitude, the restitution of the sacred deposit, confided by M. Necker to the national faith. Still young, length of days were promised her. Sickness, pain, anguish, death, after five months

of almost uninterrupted sufferings, have torn her from those from whom she received happiness, and to whom she gave it.

All those who had relations with her, have retained thereof indelible impressions. No one unfortunate ever approached her without being relieved; no one afflicted without being consoled; no one proscribed without finding an asylum; no one oppressed without her pleading his cause; no superior wit, without being captivated by her; no man in power, and who merited that power, without recognizing and respecting her ascendancy. No one could pass an hour without giving that hour a separate place in his memory; and her life was necessary to those who had known her, even when they no longer saw her.

On Saturday, the 26th of July, 1817, the remains of Madame de Staël arrived at Coppet, in a carriage hung with black, accompanied by M. de Staël and M. W. de Schlegel. The 28th had been appointed for depositing the coffin in the mausoleum where M. and Madame Necker were interred. It is a square building of black marble, in the midst of shrubbery enclosed with walls, where Madame de Staël was accustomed to take her solitary walks. Over the door of the tomb is a basso-relievo, the design of which had been furnished to the sculptor by Madame de Staël herself. She is represented in it on her knees, weeping over the sarcophagus of her parents, who appear holding out their hands to her from Heaven. Her last wish was, that her ashes should be united with theirs. The members of the Municipal Body of the Commune of Coppet requested to be themselves the bearers of the coffin, desiring thus to pay a mark of respect to the memory of one who had rendered herself dear to them by her kindnesses. The greater number of the State Counsellors of the Canton of Geneva were present at this melancholy and affecting ceremony. The Duke de Noailles had come from Rolle with the same intention. The procession was very numerous, for, besides the relatives and friends of Madame de Staël, most of the principal inhabitants of Geneva and its environs hastened there with eagerness. Persons of all ages and all classes collected in crowds to see the procession pass. The pastor

of the parish, M. Bernaud, pronounced in the chapel of Coppet, over the coffin, a religious discourse, extracted in a great degree from the sermons of M. Necker. A solemn silence reigned among the spectators while the procession moved towards the enclosure of the tomb.

Original Letter of Madame de Staël, to Talma, July 1809.

Do not believe that I am like Madame Milord, to crown you at the most pathetic moment; but, as I cannot compare you but to yourself, I must tell you, Talma, that yesterday you surpassed perfection, and even imagination. "With all its faults," there is in this piece (*Hamlet*), stronger tragic elements than ours, and your talent appeared to me, in the character of *Hamlet*, like unto the genius of Shakspeare, (but without his inequalities, without his familiar jests,) as altogether that which is most noble on the earth. That natural profoundness, those questions on our common destiny, in presence of that crowd who will die, and who seemed to listen to you as the oracle of fate; that apparition of the ghost, more terrific in your looks than under the most fearful forms; that profound melancholy, that voice, those sentiment-betraying looks, a character beyond all human proportions: all this is admirable, thrice admirable; my friendship for you enters for nothing in this emotion, the most profound which, in my life the arts ever caused me. I love you in the closet, in characters where you are your own peer; but in this character of *Hamlet*, such an enthusiasm do you inspire me with, that you are no longer yourself; I am no longer myself; it is a collection of poetical looks, accents, and gesticulations, to which no writer ever yet elevated himself. Adieu; pardon my having written to you when I expect you at one o'clock in the day, and at eight in the evening; but, if the established rules of society had not forbidden me, I am not certain whether I should not have mustered up courage enough to have gone myself and given you that crown which is due to such a talent, more than to any other; for you are not an actor, but a man who exalts human nature in giving us a new idea of it. Answer me not, but love me for my admiration.

POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE VISION OF SPECKBACHR.*

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

DOWN lofty Iser's rugged side,
 Dash'd the torrent's foaming tide;
 Whilst each huge o'erhanging rock
 Trembled 'neath the ceaseless shock;
 Black and lone the valley lay,
 Clos'd the last—the fatal day!
 Cold and dead the generous steed,
 Ceas'd to moan, and ceas'd to bleed!
 Cold, beside him on the ground,
 Gor'd with many a ghastly wound,
 Outstretch'd in death, the warrior brave
 Press'd that earth they fought to save!
 Whilst each hard and toil-strung hand,
 Still firmly grasp'd the blood-stain'd brand:
 Freedom's sons!—ye bravely died,
 Tyrol's latest—noblest—pride!

On bed of fern and dark heath laid,
 Beneath the deep worn cavern's shade,—
 Where, scarce the chamois dares to climb,
 O'er pointed crag and cliff sublime,—
 Where shatter'd pines their dark arms wave,
 See gallant Speckbachr!—warrior brave!—
 He who, on the battle plain,
 Latest fought th' oppressor's train,—
 He whom, on that fatal field,
 Wound nor force compelled to yield;—
 Lone, wild, fierce, throbbing in despair,
 What varying pangs that bosom tear!
 Till, every form of anguish past—
 Deep—cold—faint stillness comes the last!
 As slowly swell low broken sighs,
 O'er the wild vale are cast his eyes;
 Dark clouds obscure the moon's faint light,
 And tempest rides the wings of night!
 Whilst torrent's roar, and mountain's storm,
 A wild, discordant descant form!

With quick short breath, why starts the
 brave?
 What cold, pale arm is seen to wave?
 To point adown the lonely dell,
 Where lie the brave, who nobly fell?
 What gleaming light quick flashes round?
 What clash of arms—what trumpet's sound?
 That ancient castle, which of yore
 Austria's imperial banner bore,
 Rises anew!—each tower and keep,
 High above the lofty steep,
 Shows its proud head, and mocks the hand,
 Whose demon rage their ruin plann'd!

* *Speckbachr and Hofer, the celebrated Tyrolese Chiefs, having long defended their beloved country against the attacks of the French, at length sustained a defeat attended with dreadful slaughter. Hofer was shot by the order of Buonaparte, and Speckbachr remained concealed in a cavern on Mount Iser, until the retreat of the enemy. It must be gratifying to every true patriot to know, that on the restoration of the Tyrol to the Austrian Government, the Emperor Francis settled an estate on the gallant Speckbachr and the children of his deceased compatriot, which the former now cultivates for their joint benefit.*

Whilst, for the eagle banner's pride,
 Bright silvery flame is spreading wide;
 A brighter banner,—sent by Heaven,—
 Than e'er by mortal hand was given!
 High o'er the tower it proudly waves,
 And mortal force, and vengeance braves!
 O'er the dark mountain's rugged side,
 Pours a scene of martial pride;
 Trumpet's sound, and warrior's cry,
 Float along the midnight sky;
 Pass the steeds in swift career—
 Nods the helm, and gleams the spear—
 Swells the loud triumphant strain:—
 "Ye who fell on battle's plain!
 Freedom's sons! awake! arise!
 Your fathers' spirits, from the skies,
 Descend once more to hail the day,
 That sweeps your country's scourge away!
 His hour is past! his day is o'er!
 Low he falls, to rise no more;
 Thou,—who mourn'st thy country low,
 Thou shalt share the glorious blow!
 Tyrol, once again, shalt see,
 Happy, glorious, prosperous, free!
 Patriot! calm thy anxious heart!
 Nobly, thou hast borne thy part!
 Brighter days shall gild thy fame,
 Future ages bless thy name!
 Spirits of the good and brave!
 Ye who fill a glorious grave—
 Rise and join the awful lay!
 Ruin's storm shall pass away;
 Earth shall bloom, to peace restor'd;
 Love and joy shall break the sword!"

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

The Times Newspaper has very deservedly introduced to public notice the Poems of KORNER, published at Berlin in May 1814. The Author was a Lieutenant in the Cavalry corps, which, under the command of Major Lutzow, distinguished itself so highly among the German partisans, and died of his wounds, shortly after one of the desperate engagements of the last year. These poems are not numerous; the stirring time allowed none of the leisure of composition; they are chiefly occasional—a bold summons to the country—a lament over some fellow-warrior,—an outcry on the death of the King, who was for a while supposed to have perished at Bautzen. Such works compensate the grace of poetry by the higher and more impetuous influences almost inseparable from their day. No labour of imagination can give the impress, struck out at once by the might and sharpness of the actual scene. Study is cold to the whirl of thought that must have passed thro' the mind in that fiery and vehement trial,—every moment full of lofty earnestness, the whole spirit of the man wound up to its sternest tension, the realities of hope and glory, and life and death, perpetually sweeping before the eye,—the poet not left to the feebleness of dreams and visions, but himself the soldier, himself exulting and swelling among the trumpets and the swords,—“the

garments roll'd in blood, the thunder of the Captains, and the shouting." One of Körner's poems is a "Farewell to Life," composed on the night of June 17, 1813, while he lay desperately wounded, in a wood, without help, and "thought to die."

The Preface simply mentions that the Duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, as a testimony of respect for this distinguished youth, desired that he should be buried in the Ducal vault; but Körner's companions in arms had already chosen a grave for him under an oak, near which, we believe, he fell. The Duke then did all that remained to princely regret, set apart the surrounding space of forty yards for his perpetual memorial, encircled it with masonry, and raised over the body a monument bearing a sword and lyre, wreathed with an oaken garland.

Translated from the German of Theodore Körner.

THE DEATH OF HOFER,

THE TYROLESE CHIEF.

"Treu hingst du deinem alten Fürsten an."

HOFER! in thy bold bosom glowed
A stream as pure as ever flowed
Beneath a prince's plume;
Nor ever warrior's nobler toil,
In battle for his native soil,
Shed glory round his tomb.

Rous'd by thy horn from cot and fold,
From forest glen, and rocky hold,
With heart and eye of flame,---
Like rushings of the mountain flood,
Like lightning from the rifted cloud,
Thy band of brothers came.

And now that heart's rich tide is chill,
That horn is silent on the hill,
The gallant chase is done;
Scatter'd and sunk the mountain band
Throw the lov'd rifle from their hand,
The soul of fight is gone!

But God is all.--Vain warrior-skill,
Vain the high soul, the mighty will,
Before the word of heaven:---
The helm that on the chieftain's brow
Flash'd fire against the morning's glow,
His blood may dim at ev'n.

Yet, Hofer! in that hour of ill
Thine was a brighter laurel still
Than the red field e'er gave;
The crown, immortal Liberty
Gives to the few that dare to die
And seek her in the grave.

Who saw, as levell'd the chasseur
His deadly aim, the shade of fear
Pass o'er the hero's brow?
Who saw his dark eyes' martial gaze
Turn from the musket's volley'd blaze
That laid him calm and low?

ON RAUCH'S BUST OF

QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

Translated from Körner's Poems.

HOW lovely still, tho' now no more,
Thy locks in auburn beauty pour;
No more thine eye, of humid blue,
Beams like the star through evening dew:
Forbidden alike to beam and weep,
Those orbs are clos'd in marble sleep,
Those braids in moveless marble twine;
Princess! thy throne is now thy shrine.

Yet, matchless as in life, the spell
Loves on that pallid lip to dwell;
And still the soul's immortal glow
Is radiant on thy dazzling brow.
Soft be thy slumbers, soft and deep,
Till start thy people from their sleep;
Till thousand beacons, blazing bright,
Shake their wild splendours on the night;
Till on the mountain-breeze's wing,
The shout of War thy Landstrum ring;
And gleams in myriad hands the sword,
So deep in old Invasion gor'd.
God is the guide!--thro' woe, thro' fear,
Rushes his chariot's high career;
God is the guide!--thro' night, thro' storm.
Speeds his resistless angel's form;
And red in many a doubtful fight,
Our fathers' swords carved out their right,
And still thro' field, and fire, and flood,
We'll seat the proud bequest with blood,
And give our babes the boon they gave,---
The glory of a Freeman's grave.
Bring, spirit, bring the splendid day,
That sees our ancient banners play:
Then shall be heard the trumpet-tone,
Where all is silent now, and lone:
From forest deep, from unsunn'd vale,
Shall gleam the sudden flash of mail;
Sudden along the grey hill's side,
Shall proud and patriot squadrons ride;
Keen as his mountain eagle, there
Shall bound the fatal Tirailleur;
There swift as wind, the dark hussar
Wheel his broad sabre for the war:
And mountain nook and cavern'd glen
Give up their hosts of marshal'd men.
Then, Form of Love! no longer sleep:
Thine be it on the gale to sweep,
With Seraph smile, with Seraph power,
To lighten on our gloomy hour,
To bid the fainting land be wise,
With wisdom from thy native skies;
Give the strong heart, the hero-will,
Angel! and yet Protectress still.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOY AND GRIEF.

WHIO has not mark'd on infant's cheek,
When tears obscure his wonted smiles,
How soon their home the exiles seek,
As new-born joy his grief beguiles?

Thus from the Rose's tender flower,
When beams the Sun's enliv'ning ray,
The last dear relics of the shower
The dew-drop's self is borne away.

Thus, if perchance with idle skill
Some hand should touch th' Æolian lyre,
One moment's pause the mind they fill,
Then fade, forgotten, and expire.

But should the Minstrel chance to fling
Some notes endear'd by days gone by,
The ear still listens for the string,
The bosom still returns the sigh.

Thus there are wounds which haughty pride,
Which proud disdain inflicts on man,
Tears which, as soon as shed are dried,
And griefs that live their narrow span.

As April sun, as April shower,
Alternate empire hold on high---
As fades the dew-drop from the flower,
So griefs alternate live and die.

But tell me ye who e'er have known
The pangs of disappointed love,
Whose bud of Hope is overblown,
What joys can your regrets remove ?

In vain shall mimic Fancy weave
A garland form'd of every flower,
In vain each op'ning blossom breathe
Some new born odour every hour.

The image of the long lost maid
Shall Memory's mirror still reveal,
The lover's vow still unrepaid,
Each wish denied that Love can feel.

For know, whate'er hath been the past,
So shall the memory of it be.
And as gay Joy's impressions last,
So also those of Misery.
August, 1817.

R. D.

From the European Magazine.

ODE.*

By Mr. T. CAMPBELL,

Author of the "Pleasures of Hope," &c.

PRIDE of the British Stage,
A long and last Adieu !
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Reviv'd to Fancy's view.
Like fields refresh'd with dewy light,
When the Sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past.

And Memory conjures feelings up,
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup,
To "Kemble, Fare thee well."

His was the spell o'er hearts,
Which only Acting lends---
The youngest of the Sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends.

For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime ;
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one glance from Time.

But, by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come---
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er efface the charm ;
When *Cato* spoke in him alive,
Or *Hotspur* kindled warm.

What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the *Moor* ?
What English heart was not on fire,
With him at *Agincourt* ?

And yet a majesty possess'd
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his heart
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task---too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here,
In words to paint your memory,
Of *Kemble* and of *Lear*.

But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd
glare,

Those tears upon *Cordelia's* bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair ?

* Recited after the Dinner on occasion of
Mr. KEMBLE'S Retirement from the Stage.

If 't was reality he felt---
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen !

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And Sister Magic came.

Together at the Muse's side
Her Tragic Paragons had grown---
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne.

And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause---
Save for the gallantry of Man,
In lovelier Woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome
Robust and richly grac'd,
Your *Kemble's* spirit was the home
Of Genius and of Taste---

Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure Inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in Heaven.

At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the Tragic page ;
And what the Actor could effect,
The Scholar could presage,

These were his traits of worth---
And must we lose them now ?
And shall the scene no more shew forth
His sternly pleasing brow ?

Alas ! the moral brings a tear---
'Tis all a transient hour below,
And we that would detain thee here
Ourselves as fleetly go.

Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review---
Pride of the British Stage,
A long and last Adieu !

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONG,

BY HENRY NEELE.

Tune---"My Peggy is a young thing."

THE heart's a sweet but mild flow'r,
That needs a sheltering hand ;
With a little care, 'twill blossom fair,
With a little care, beyond compare ;

But, oh ! when once the tender bud
Has felt the nipping blast,
It may linger for a moment,
But its beauty fades at last.

If the worm, that feeds in secret,
Is at the fair flow'r's root,
The only way the foe to slay,
Is to pluck the root itself away :

So secret grief will prey upon
The fibres of the heart ;
And you must tear the life away
Before you find the smart.

Then, all that grief can utter
Is wept o'er the remains,
In many a tear, as pure and clear
As ever dropt from *Pity's* sphere :

Yet what avails the flow'r, when once
The ground its beauties strew,
Though its wither'd leaves may glitter
With the morning's brightest dew !

Kentish-Town, June.

From the Literary Gazette.

INFANT LOVE ;
OR
THE KISS.

WHEN first I measured with my goat,
And he was taller of the two,
My infant heart began to doat
On lovely Chloe's eyes of blue.
E'en then I thought her form so fair
It seem'd of more than mortal birth ;
Her voice, her smile, her winning air
To nought could be compar'd on earth.
Her heart a mountain shepherd bless'd
Ere I had words to tell my love ;
Yet something in my looks express'd,
I too could fond and faithful prove.
For once she said " Go simple boy "—
And press'd upon my lips a kiss—
" You still with Love may safely toy ;
Youth guarded from his pains and bliss."
At length, alas ! I've reach'd that state,
When man begins to love in truth—
Where many stormy passions wait
To chase the peaceful scenes of youth.
Still Chloe's days are days of joy,
Forming her shepherd's only bliss ;

She thinks not of her loving boy—
But I remember well her kiss.
Sept. 1817.

A. P. T.

From the Monthly Magazine.

TO A LADY AT THE PIANO.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

THOSE chords are the reins of my soul,
And thou dost direct me along,
Like a courser that bends to control,
Through the turnings and windings of song ;
With the dance of those fingers
My spirits are glad,
But, when the sound lingers,
They droop and are sad ;
For the gloom of my spirit, or summer shine,
Sorceress, follow that spell of thine !
To many a vision enwrought,
From the spindle of phantasy bright,
Those notes were the wings of my thought,
And thou hast directed their flight ;
The city's rattle,
Or mead and flower ;
The roar of the battle,
Or lady's bower ;
Each has arisen to Fancy's eye,
While thou the enchantress sat charming by,
Aug. 1817.

INTELLIGENCE :

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

A Pleasing volume under the title of a *Picturesque Tour through France, Switzerland, and part of the Netherlands*, just published, will serve either to convey just notions to the fireside traveller, or the tourist who chooses to pursue the route of the author. For this last purpose, it is provided with maps of the route, on a scale of utility.

A supplement to Junius Identified, is published consisting of *fac-similes* of Hand-writing and other illustrations.

Madame de Stael's posthumous work, entitled "The French Revolution," in three octavo volumes, is about to be published. The two first volumes embrace the era from the administration of her father to the battle of Waterloo : the third is devoted to England.

We have great pleasure in announcing the commencement of another of those useful collections which are honourable testimonies of the present general thirst of knowledge, by the title of the Oxford Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and general Literature. It will be published in 25 parts, forming, when complete, five 4to volumes.

The regulations recommended by the Committee of the house of Commons appointed to consider of the means of preventing the mischief arising from explosion on board Steamboats are as follows :

That all steam-packets carrying passengers for hire should be registered at the port nearest the place from or to which they proceed.

That all boilers belonging to the engines by which such vessels shall be worked should be composed of wrought iron or copper.

That every boiler on board such steam-packet, should, previous to the packet being used for the conveyance of passengers, be submitted to the inspection of a skillful engineer, or other person conversant with the

subject, who should ascertain, by trial, the strength of such boiler, and should certify his opinion of its sufficient strength, and of the security with which it might be employed to the extent proposed.

That every such boiler should be provided with two sufficient safety valves, one of which should be inaccessible to the engine man, and the other accessible both to him and to the persons on board the packet.

That the inspector shall examine such safety valves, and shall certify what is the pressure at which such safety valves shall open, which pressure shall not exceed one third of that by which the boiler has been proved, nor one-sixth of that which, by calculation, it shall be reckoned able to sustain.

That a penalty should be inflicted on any person placing additional weight on either of the safety valves.

Observations of the Natural History of the Swallow Tribe, with collateral statements of facts relative to their Migration, and to their brumal torpidity ; and a copious table of reference to authors ; illustrated by figures of five species, engraved on wood by Willis ; to which is added, a general Catalogue of British Birds, with the Provincial Names for each, &c. by T. FORSTER, is just published.

The Rev. DAVID WILLIAMS will have ready for publication in the middle of September, in one volume 12mo. The Preceptor's Assistant, or school Examiner in Universal History, Science, and Literature, containing a comprehensive and interesting view of the liberal and polite Arts ; 2dly, the Useful and Mechanic Arts ; 3dly, the Fine Arts ; 4thly, Universal history ; and 5thly, Science and Literature in general.

Lately as three men employed on the new works carrying on at Sheerness dock-yard,

were descending in the diving bell, some accident occurred, and the signal to be drawn up not being understood by the men above, two out of the three were unfortunately drowned; the one who was saved made his escape from under the bell, which the others were unable to effect: as soon as recovered the bodies were taken to the surgery, and means used to restore animation, but unhappily without effect.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—This quackery has gone to such a pitch upon the Continent, that a "Society of Magnetism" has been formed, and a prospectus issued at Paris, of a quarterly publication of their "*Memoires*" at the price of eight francs a number!

The Tavistock Canal, forming a communication between the town of Tavistock and the river Tamar was opened on the 9th of June. It was commenced in 1802, and has cost about 70,000*l*. The Duke of Bedford who is the proprietor of one eighth of the concern, has very liberally contributed to support, by giving to the Company the whole of the land through which the canal is cut. Though its level is about 280 feet above that of the Tamar, it runs for a mile and three quarters in a tunnel cut under Morewell Down at the depth of 450 feet from the summit of the hill.

The late Mr. RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH is said to have left some memoirs of his life, which will soon be given to the public.

A translation of ORPIL's Elementary Treatise of Chemistry will shortly appear.

A gentleman of Bristol is about to publish, from authentic sources, a Narrative of the Life of Caraboo, the extraordinary female impostor, who recently appeared in the neighbourhood of that city.

The eighth Edition of Dr. Chalmers's Discourses, is now in the Press. Since February last, between 10 and 17,000 Copies of this popular work has been printed: a satisfactory indication, that in these favoured realms the spirit of piety and religion maintains a blessed ascendancy even in times of laxity, innovation, and scepticism.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a paper by Mr. STEVENSON, civil engineer, on the operation of the waters of the ocean and of the river Dee in the basin or harbour of Aberdeen was read. It appears that the author in the month of April 1812, with the aid of an instrument of which he exhibited a drawing, raised salt water from the bottom while the surface was quite fresh, and that he has satisfactorily ascertained that the tidal or salt waters keep in a distinct stratum or layer under the fresh water of the river Dee. This anomaly in regard to the salt and fresh waters appears in a very striking manner at Aberdeen, where the fall of the Dee is such as to cause the river waters to run down with a velocity which seems to increase as the tide rises in the harbour, and smoothes the bed of the river. These observations show that the salt water insinuates itself under the fresh, and that the river is lifted *bodily upward*; thus procuring the regular effect of flood and ebb tide in the basin, while the river continues to flow downward with a current which for a time seems to increase as the tide rises.

These facts with regard to the continual course of the Dee downward, present such a contrast to the operation of the waters of the Thames, as seen by a spectator from London

Bridge, that Mr. Stevenson was induced, in 1815 and 1816, to extend his observations to that river by a train of experiments from opposite to Billingsgate all the way to Gravesend. Opposite to the gates of the London Docks the waters of the Thames were found to be perfectly fresh throughout; at Blackwall, even in spring tides, the water was found to be only slightly saline: at Woolwich the proportion of salt water increases, and so on to Gravesend. But the strata of salt and fresh water is less distinctly marked in the Thames than in any of those rivers in which Mr. Stevenson has hitherto had an opportunity of making observations. These inquiries he means to extend to most of the principal rivers in the kingdom. From the series of observations made at and below London Bridge, compared with the river as far up as Kew and Oxford, Mr. Stevenson is of opinion that the waters of the Thames seldom change, but are probably carried up and down with the turn of the alternate tides for an indefinite period, which, in his opinion, may be one, if not the principal cause of the extreme softness of the waters of the Thames.

Mr. Stevenson has made similar experiments on the rivers Forth and Tay, and at Loch Eil, where the Caledonian Canal joins the Western Ocean. The aperture of Curran Ferry, for the tidal waters of that loch, being small compared with the surface of Loch Eil, which forms the drainage to a great extent of country, it occurred to Mr. Stevenson that the water of the surface must have less of the saline particles than that of the bottom. He accordingly raised water from the surface at the anchorage off Fort William, and found it to be 10008.2: at the depth of nine fathoms, 1035.5; at the depth of 40 fathoms in the central parts of the loch, 1527.2; indicating the greater specific gravity, consequently more of the saline parts as the depth of the water is increased.

Shortly will appear a new edition of the Abridgement of Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary revised by J. CAREY, LL. D.

Madame Genlis, of revolutionary and literary celebrity, lately retired to a Convent of Carmelites, but growing weary of solitude, she left the Convent after a few days, and returned to her family.

The favourite project of Napoleon, for improving the harbour of Dieppe, upon which undertaking more than 2,000 men were employed, until his banishment to Elba, is now renewed with spirited activity. Last Saturday 300 men were engaged, and 700 more will be employed. The authorities at Dieppe have contracted to finish the excavations five weeks.

The picture of DAVID, representing Cupid and Psyche, has been purchased by the Count of Sommaravi, for 30,000 francs.

The Dey of Tripoli has presented the Prince Regent with such remains of antiquity as are moveable at Lebyda, which is famous for being the site of Carthage. The Weymouth storeship, Mr. Turner commanding, is now on her voyage thither, for the purpose of receiving and carrying to England those ancient monuments which are represented as highly curious, and illustrative of that once splendid capital. It is stated that the Dey has offered protection, as far as his authority extends, to any European who is willing to attempt the journey from Tripoli to Tombuctoo.